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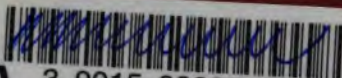
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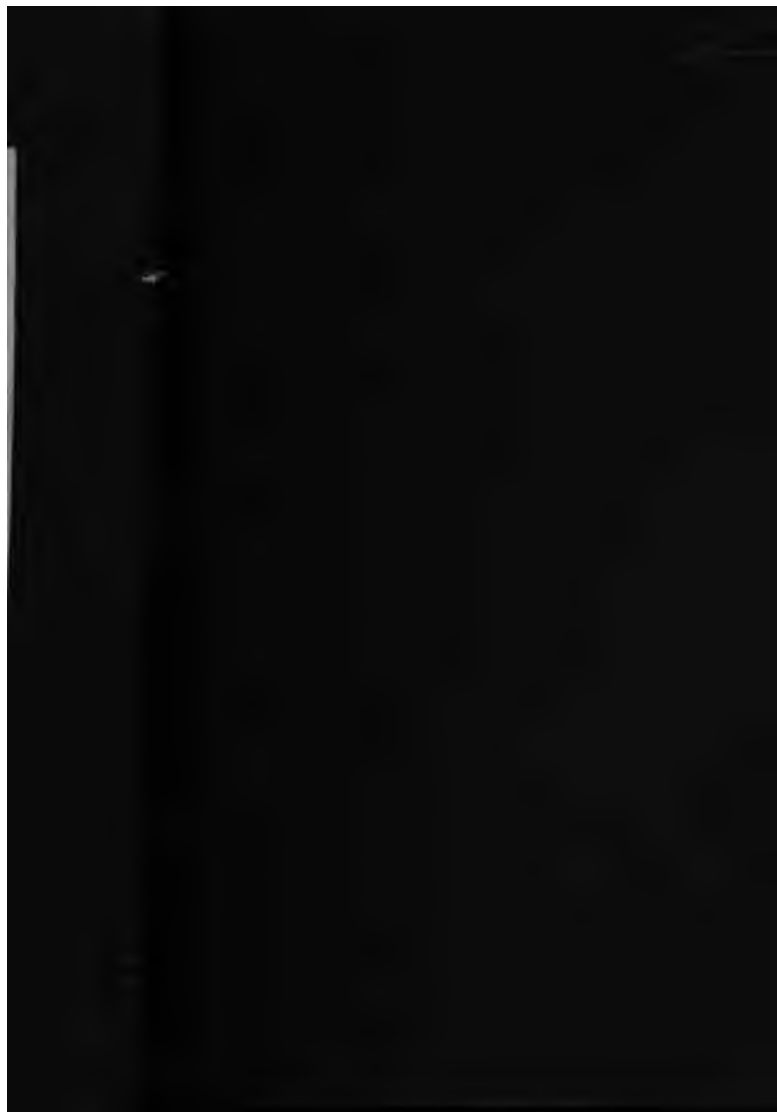


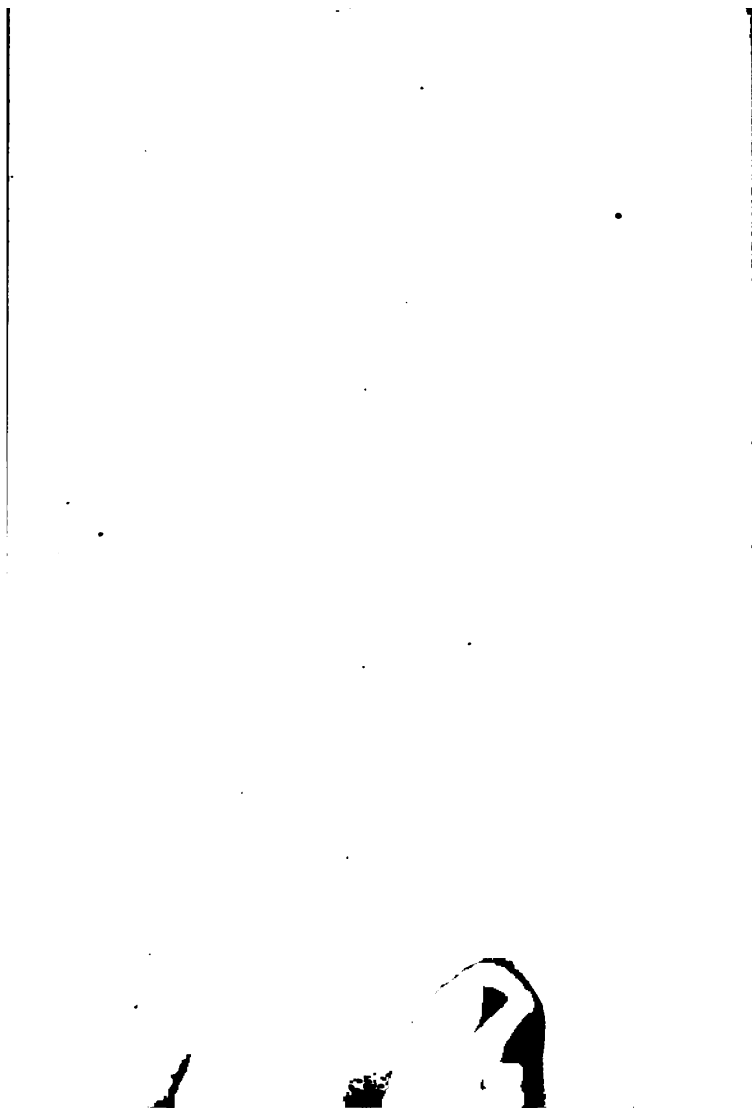
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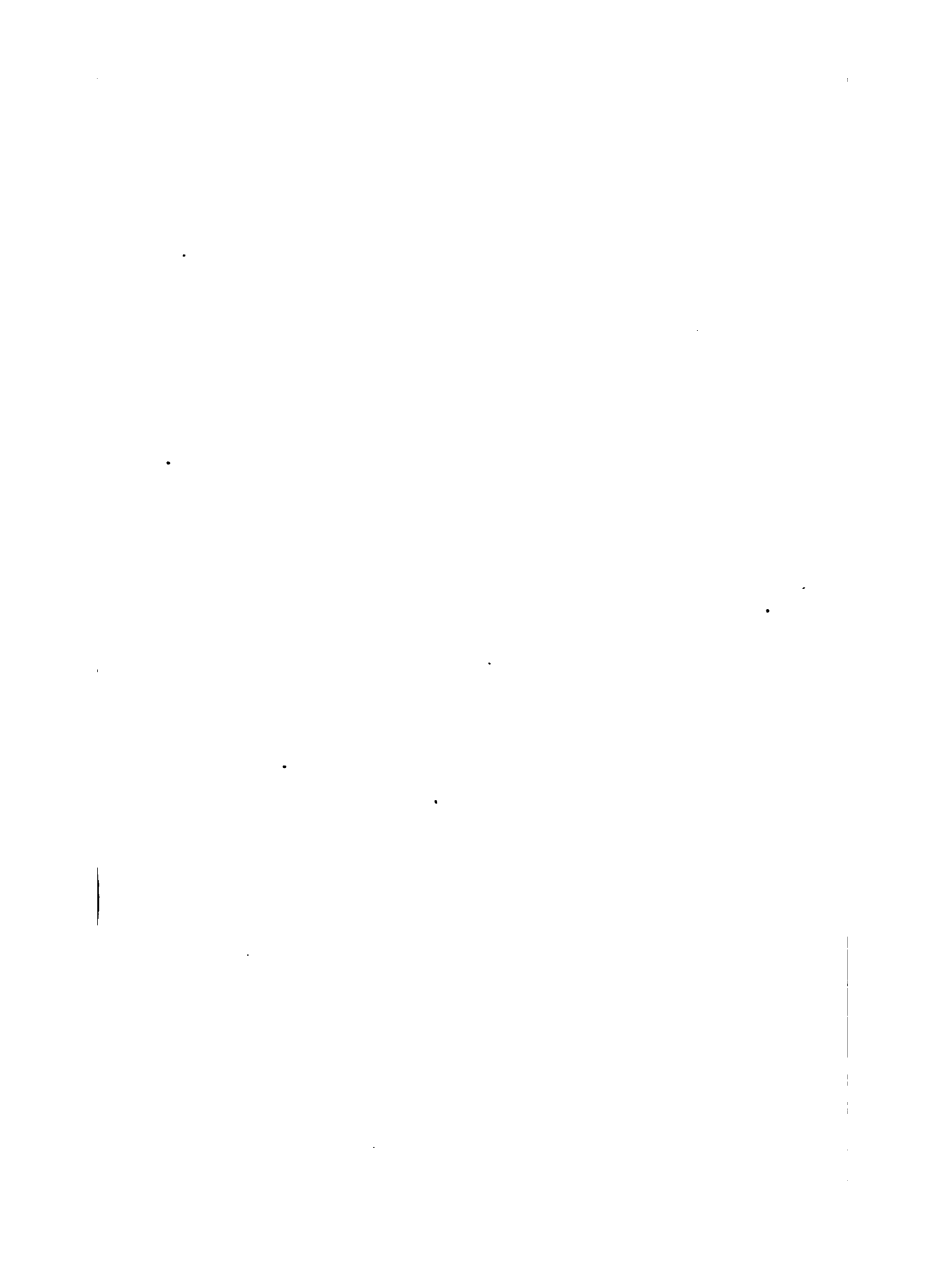






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of the University of London
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EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind describes.

CRABBE.

SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA.



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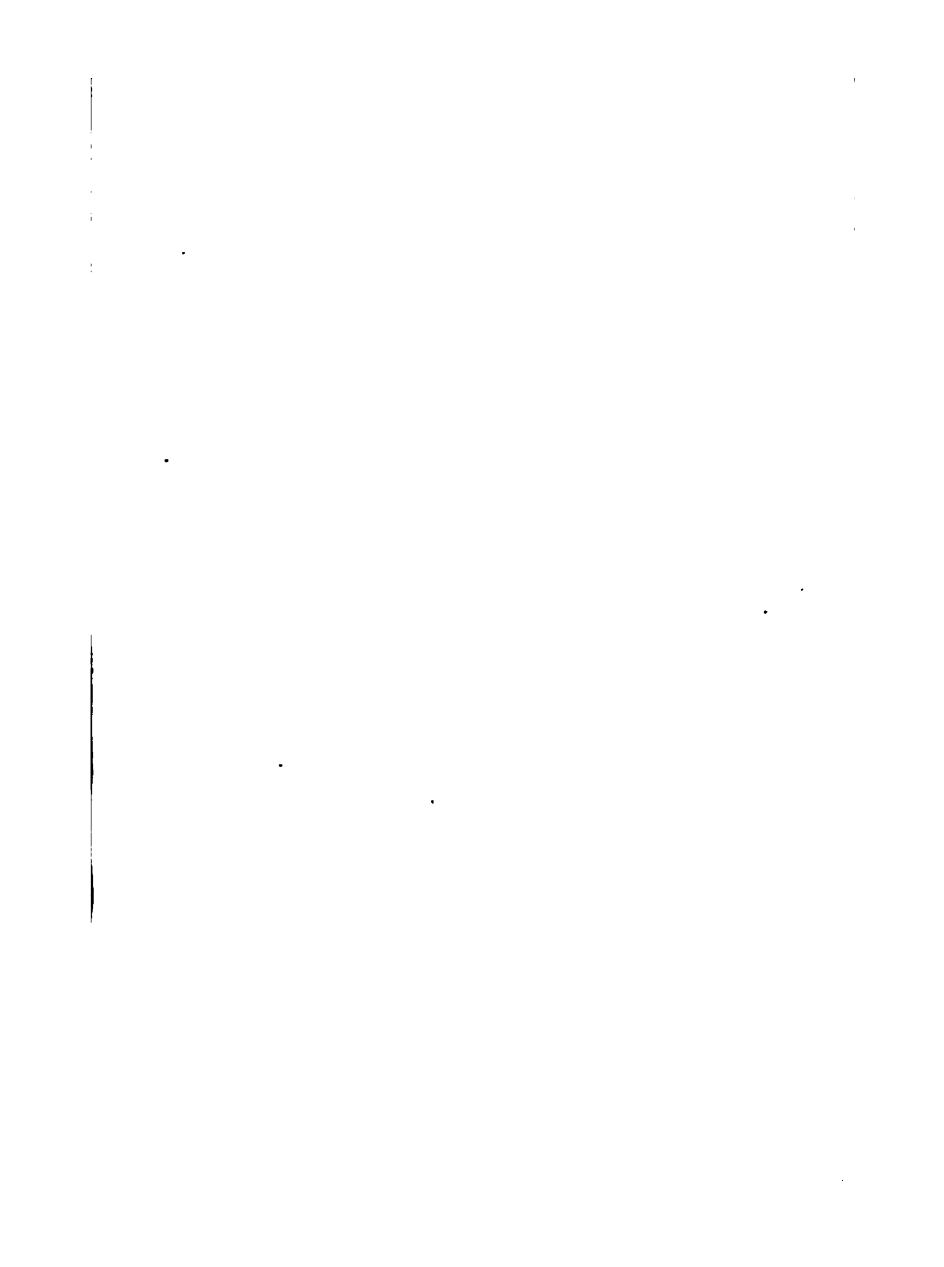
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1

2



INTRODUCTORY.



SWITZERLAND.

MY soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal

To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed:
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys,
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
Enbance the bliss his scanty funds supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Oliver Goldsmith.

SWITZERLAND.

THE mountain then, clad with eternal snow,
T Confessed my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly states,
And bade plain freedom there ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrowed fields, her horn,
Chief where the Lemman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers formed ; while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free, and in their happy streets,
Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.
For valor, faith, and innocence of life
Renowned, a rough, laborious people there
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows ;
But, to firm order trained and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earned,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

E'en, cheered by me, their shaggy mountains charm
More than or Gallic or Italian plains ;
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again :
The hollow-winding stream ; the vale, fair spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,

Whence, vapor-winged, the sudden tempest springs;
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-rolled into romantic shapes;
The flitting cloud, against the summit dashed,
And, by the sun illumined, pouring bright
A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below;
And, high o'ertopping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky; where shines
On winter, winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

James Thomson.

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

TWO voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O, cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

William Wordsworth.

SWITZERLAND.

T WAS sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phœnix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared.
Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and roared,
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished
green.

'T was transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds and enamelled moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
She seemed one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

Thomas Campbell.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

O'ER mountains bright with snow and light,
We crystal hunters speed along,
While grotts, and caves, and icy waves
Each instant echo to our song;

And when we meet with stores of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright, etc.

No lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, etc.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the floweret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright, etc.

Thomas Moore.

MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;

So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a Paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Friedrich Adolf Krummacher. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

SWITZERLAND.

FROM a lofty Alpine summit look down ~~upon~~ this
land,

It lies there like a volume all written by God's hand ;
The mountains are the letters, as leaves the fields unroll,
Saint Gothard is only an asterisk in this gigantic scroll.

Know you what there is written ? O, see it beams so
bright !

Freedom stands there, ye princes ! can ye read the page
aright ?

No chancellor engrossed it, it is no parchment chart,
And the red that burns in the signet is the blood of a
people's heart.

Behold the mighty mountain, — the Monk in the country
hight, —

Around his brow the eagle sweeps in its heavenward
flight ;

His cowl is of rock, and the snow-crown becomes his
temples well,

His prayer-book the starry heavens, the universe his cell.

When a monk appears, there surely can be no lack of
preaching,

In the thunder of the avalanche, in the cataract he is
teaching ;

Freedom! that is his text-word; good sirs, you do not
smile,
It is clear the monk is a heretic, — he must go into
durance vile.

Lo, in white veil the maiden raises her modest head,
As morning, the bridegroom, garlands her brow with
roses red;
With various flowers embroidered her green apparel
gleams,
Where, like silver tissues inwoven, sparkle the crested
streams.

Over her, arched to a cupola, behold the blue air streams,
The row of pointed glaciers a cathedral organ seems;
With a maid and an organ together, one cannot well
be wrong
In listening with all assurance for music and for song.

Hear how her song magnificent thrills in the beating
heart,
Freedom! freedom! she sings so that all our pulses
start:
By heavens! with such a harmony never sang daughters
of earth,
And they who join in the chorus are surely of heavenly
birth.

*

*

*

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. J. O. Sargent.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

WITHIN the Switzer's varied land,
When summer chases high the snow,
You 'll meet with many a youthful band
Of strangers wandering to and fro :
Through hamlet, town, and healing bath
They haste and rest as chance may call,
No day without its mountain-path,
No path without its waterfall.

They make the hours themselves repay,
However well or ill be shared,
Content that they should wing their way,
Unchecked, unreckoned, uncompared :
For though the hills unshapely rise,
And lie the colors poorly bright,
They mould them by their cheerful eyes,
And paint them with their spirit's light.

Strong in their youthfulness, they use
The energies their souls possess ;
And if some wayward scene refuse
To pay its part of loveliness, —
Onward they pass, nor less enjoy
For what they leave ; — and far from me
Be every thought that would destroy
A charm of that simplicity !

But if one blot on that white page
From doubt or misery's pen be thrown, —

If once the sense awake, that age
Is counted not by years alone, —
Then no more grand and wondrous things!
No active happinesses more!
The wounded heart has lost its wings,
And change can only fret the sore.

Yet there is calm for those that weep,
Where the divine Italian sea
Rests like a maiden hushed asleep
And breathing low and measuredly;
Where all the sunset-purpled ground,
Fashioned by those delicious airs,
Seems strewed with softest cushions round
For weary heads to loose their cares;

Where Nature offers, at all hours,
Out of her free imperial store,
That perfect beauty their weak powers
Can help her to create no more,
And grateful for that ancient aid,
Comes forth to comfort and relieve
Those minds in prostrate sorrow laid,
Bidding them open and receive!

Though still 't is hardly she that gives,
For Nature reigns not there alone,
A mightier queen beside her lives,
Whom she can serve but not dethrone;
For she is fallen from the state

That waited on her Eden-prime,
And art remains by sin and fate
Unscathed, for art is not of time.

Lord Houghton.

MY ALPENSTOCK.

BEST of artists ! mark for me,
On my trusty alpenstock,
All the proper things, d' ye see,
Every mountain, every rock :

That when I go home therewith,
Friends may know that I have been
Quite as high as Albert Smith,
Or balloon of Mr. Green.

Mark it with the Righi first ;
Some say that 's an easy hill,
Yet I own the place accurst
Found me at the bottom still.

Then the Brunig, mark it strong,
Truth itself can't take offence,
All that height I came along,
Rattling in the diligence.

Mark it with the Yungfrau next,
Very few have ventured on her ;
That I did not I am vexed,
For I meant it, on my honor !

From Martigny by Tête Noir,
 Or the Col de Balme they pace;
 I said only "au revoir,"
 When I saw the kind of place:

But I saw it; therefore paint it,
 Paint in letters bold and broad;
 'T is a pleasant proverb, ain't it,
 That a wink 's as good 's a nod.

Artist, deeply now indent
 Scheideck where I played the fool,
 Sore and saddle-sick I went
 Up and down upon a mule.

Mark the Ghemmi; all confess,
 He who has ascended it
 Need not talk of breathlessness,
 Is for any mountain fit:

I went there and hired my guide,
 With a fear I don't conceal,
 But the scheme went all aside,
 For a nail ran up my heel.

Mark it lastly with Mont Blanc,
 Though it made me gasp and quake,
 With a kind of mortal pang,
 Just to view it from the lake.

Thanks, my artist! now I go
 Back to London with delight,

For my alpenstock will show
What becomes a man of might.

When I take it to my club,
Jones himself will cease to sneer;
Brown will own, the spiteful cub,
That my legs are no small beer.

Henry Glassford Bell.

WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame;
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heaven
blow.

Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

UPON the fells my flocks I tend ;
My gaze on lordly towers I bend :
Here first the morning sun doth gleam ;
Here rests his latest evening beam.

I am the son of the mountain.

The mighty river's course is here,
From the rock I drink it cold and clear :
It dashes headlong down ; below,
With brawny arm I breast its flow.

I am the son of the mountain.

The lofty mountain is my realm,
Here tempests wildly round me whelm ;
From north to south they howl along,
But o'er them all resounds my song :

I am the son of the mountain.

Beneath I see the lightnings flash ;
Beneath I hear the thunders crash ;
I know them, and aloud I call :
"Leave ye in peace my father's hall,
I am the son of the mountain."

And when the tocsin soundeth shrill,
And beacons blaze on every hill,
Then I descend, and join the ranks,
And shout, while loud my broadsword clanks :

"I am the son of the mountain."

Ludwig Uhland. Tr. Anon.

BEYOND.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid, —
Who yet, with patient toil, hath gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed;

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where Southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain,
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy.

Rose Terry Cooke.



SWITZERLAND.

Alps, The.

THE ALPS.

E'EN now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE ALPS.

BUT let us hence ; for fair Locarno smiles
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles :
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
Where, mid dim towers and woods, her waters gleam.
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire
To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds and rocks and snow :
Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss : the else impervious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

* * *

When rueful moans along the forest swell
Protracted, and the twilight storm foretell,
And, headlong from the cliffs, a deafening load
Tumbles, and wildering thunder slips abroad ;
When on the summits darkness comes and goes,
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks and snows ;
And the fierce torrent, from the lustre broad,
Starts, like a horse, beside the flashing road, —
She seeks a covert from the battering shower

In the roofed bridge ; the bridge, in that dread hour,
Itself all quaking at the torrent's power.

* * *

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant mountain glows ;
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea ! whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound ;
Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,
That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the centre of the sea, and through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapors notes of birds,
And merry flageolet ; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell.

William Wordsworth.

DESCENT OF THE ALPS.

DOWNWARDS we hurried fast,
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,

The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light, —
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of eternity,
Of first and last and midst and without end.

William Wordsworth.

THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK.

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow :
With bounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass ;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude ;

Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.

Samuel Rogers.

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

STAND here and look, and softly hold your breath
Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down !
How many miles away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley ? Far beneath —
A scimitar half drawn from out its sheath —
The river curves through meadows newly mown ;
The ancient water-courses are all strown
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath ;
And peak on peak against the turquoise-blue
The Alps like towering campanili stand,
Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
O, tell me, love, if this be Switzerland —
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane ?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE ALPS.

WHO first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seedtime and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable, —
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth —
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and forever.
To me they seemed the barriers of a world,
Saying, Thus far, no farther! and as o'er
The level plain I travelled silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still, — oft as I looked,
A strange delight was mine, mingled with fear,
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
And still and still I felt as if I gazed
For the first time! — Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared; and the towered elephant
Upturned his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
He and his rider.

Now the scene is changed;
And o'er the Simplon, o'er the Splugen winds

A path of pleasure. — Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As if it were another, through the wild
Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy-course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens locked up before. — Not such my path!
The very path for them that dare defy
Danger, nor shrink, wear he what shape he will;
That o'er the caldron, when the flood boils up,
Hang as in air, gazing and shuddering on
Till fascination comes and the brain turns!
The very path for them, that list, to choose
Where best to plant a monumental cross,
And live in story like Empedocles;
A track for heroes, such as he who came,
Ere long, to win, to wear the iron crown;
And (if aright I judge from what I felt
Over the Drance, just where the Abbot fell,
Rolled downward in an after-dinner's sleep)
The same as Hannibal's. But now 't is passed,
That turbulent Chaos; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark

Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

Samuel Rogers.

THE ALPS.

PART I.—DAY.

THE mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When to the horizontal ray,
The many-tintured vapors roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of eternity,
The same as they have ever been,
And shall forever be.

Yet, through the valley while I range,
Their cliffs, like images in dreams,
Color and shape and station change;
Here crags and caverns, woods and streams

And seas of adamantine ice,
With gardens, vineyards, fields embraced,
Open a way to Paradise,
Through all the splendid waste.

The goats are hanging on the rocks,
Wide through their pastures roam the herds ;
Peace on the uplands feeds her flocks,
Till suddenly the king of birds
Pouncing a lamb, they start for fear ;
He bears his bleating prize on high ;
The well-known plaint his nestlings hear,
And raise a ravening cry.

The sun in morning freshness shines ;
At noon behold his orb o'ercast ;
Hollow and dreary o'er the pines,
Like distant ocean, moans the blast ;
The mountains darken at the sound,
Put on their armor, and anon,
In panoply of clouds wrapt round,
Their forms from sight are gone.

Hark ! war in heaven ! — the battle-shout
Of thunder rends the echoing air ;
Lo ! war in heaven ! — thick-flashing out
Through torrent-rains red lightnings glare,
As though the Alps, with mortal ire,
At once a thousand voices raised,
And with a thousand swords of fire
At once in conflict blazed.

PART II. NIGHT.

COME, golden Evening, in the west
Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops : — 'T is done ;
The deluge ceases ; bold and bright
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill ;
Down sinks the sun ; on presses night ;
— Mont Blanc is lovely still.

There take thy stand, my spirit ; — spread
The world of shadows at thy feet ;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars like saints in glory meet :
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss ;
Invisible, the ear alone
Follows the uproar till it dies ;
Echo on echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals, —
Darkness that may be felt ; — but soon

The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn
With her awakening beam.

Ha! at her touch these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Enlarging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,—
They seem so exquisitely frail,—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Lake of Geneva! thee I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
And beautiful as Dian's face.
Pride of this land of liberty!
All that thy waves reflect I love;
Where heaven itself, brought down to thee,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray,
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before;
For all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;

Thus, in the fairy-land of thought,
Whate'er I seek I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er he wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in him?

By me, when I behold him not
Or love him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot;
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been.

James Montgomery.

THE ALPS.

I'VE roamed amongst the eternal Alps. I've stood
And gazed on the diminished world below;
Marking, at frightful distance, field and flood,
And spire and town, like things of pygmy show,
Shrink into nothing: while those peaks of snow
(Which yet the winds themselves but seldom climb)
Like giants from the void below,

But fashioned all for everlasting time :
Imperishable things, — unstained, as 't were, by crime.

O ye unbending mountains ! if ye be
Aught more than human view may contemplate, —
If on your crowned heads the Deity
Rests his bright foot eternal, when in state
He bends arrayed in lightnings, consecrate
Then stand forever. Perchance your heavenward look
Infused such feeling, strong and elevate,
That madness in the soul's bright temple shook.
Silent ye pointed high. I read as from a book.

Sacred ye are. The very eye of God
Darts roses on ye as it shuts at even.
The earthquake on your breast hath never trod ;
Nor in vast fragments have your limbs been riven ;
Nor through your heart the red volcano driven,
That foams in lava-cataracts from its bound ;
Or flings its blazing columns up to heaven,
Sinking in darkening ashes on the ground.
Thus Hecla, Etna feel ; and all, save ye, around.

Bryan Waller Procter.

EVENING AMONG THE ALPS.

SOFT skies of Italy ! how richly drest,
Smile these wild scenes in your purpureal glow ;
What glorious hues, reflected from the west,
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow !

Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam ;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-stream.

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows ;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose :
While through the pine-wood gleams the vesper-star,
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

Felicia Hemans.

THE ALPS.

HERE rest, my soul, from meteor dreams ;
And thou, my song, find rest. The streams
That left at morn yon mountain's brow
Are sleeping with Locarno now.
Though heaven in rapture finds her peace,
Earth seeks, perforce, from joy release.
Gaze on those skies at once o'er all the earth
Dissolving in a bath of purple dews,
And spread thy soul abroad as widely forth
Till love thy soul, as heaven the snows, suffuse.
Gaze, gaze on heaven ; and mark, his clouds among,
The sun, emerging in his luminous might :
Gaze on the earth ; and mark, o'er all, Mont Blanc,
Answering that sinking orb with light for light :
He sinks, — is set, — but upwards without end
Two mighty beams, diverging,

Like hands in benediction raised, extend ;
 From the great deep a crimson mist is surging ;
 The peaks all round are funeral pyres
 On which the flaming day expires ;
 Strange gleams, each moment ten times bright,
 Shoot round, transfiguring as they smite
 All spaces of the empyreal height, —
 Deep gleams, high words which God to man doth speak ;
 From peak to solemn peak in order driven
 They speed, — a loftier vision dost thou seek ?
 Rise then, — to Heaven !

Aubrey de Vere.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

THE shepherd of the Alps am I,
 The castles far beneath me lie ;
 Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
 Here linger last the parting beams.
 The mountain boy am I !

Here is the river's fountain-head,
 I drink it from its stony bed ;
 As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
 I seize it ere it gushes out.
 The mountain boy am I !

The mountain is my own domain :
 It calls its storms from sea and plain ;
 From north to south they howl afar ;
 My voice is heard amid their war.
 The mountain boy am I !

And when the tocsin sounds alarms,
 And mountain bale-fires call to arms,
 Then I descend, I join my king,
 My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
 The mountain boy am I!

The lightnings far beneath me lie;
 High stand I here in clear blue sky;
 I know them, and to them I call;
 In quiet leave my father's hall.
 The mountain boy am I!

Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. Anon.



Altorf.

EFFUSION IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
 Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
 On Marathonian valor, yet the tear
 Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
 While narrow cares their limits overflow.
 Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
 Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
 Homeward or schoolward, aye what ye behold;
 Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

- And when that calm spectatress from on high
 Looks down — the bright and solitary moon,

Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from those pictured walls,
While on the warlike groups the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden-tree;
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles,—the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his father give its own unerring aim.

William Wordsworth.



Appenzell.

THE ROAD TO APPENZELL.

GREEN sunny road that skirts the foot
Of low hills, clad from top to toe
With vines, beneath whose ripening fruit
The yellow-coated pumpkins grow;

Road winding by the ruined tower,
Whose olden story none can tell,

Road fringed with many a mountain flower,
Road leading on to Appenzell!—

May thy soft shadows ne'er be less,
Thy brawling brooklet never dumb!
The hours were winged with happiness
Which saw me through thy valley come.

And by my side there tripped along
The fairest of the mountain maids,
Who sang unasked her mountain song,
And showed me all the rocks and glades.

I ne'er shall hear that song again,
I ne'er shall see that Switzer dell,
But in my heart will aye remain
The road that leads to Appenzell;

The sunny road that skirts the foot
Of low hills, clad from top to toe
With vines, beneath whose ripening fruit
The yellow-coated pumpkins grow!

Henry Glassford Bell.

Avenches (Aventicum).

JULIA ALPINULA.

JULIA ALPINULA, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavor to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cœcina.

BY a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'T is the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands.

And there — O, sweet and sacred be the name! —
Julia — the daughter, the devoted — gave
Her youth to heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

Lord Byron.

Berne.

THE TERRACE AT BERNE.

TEN years! — and to my waking eye
Once more the roofs of Berne appear;
The rocky banks, the terrace high,
The stream, — and do I linger here?

The clouds are on the Oberland,
The Jungfrau snows look faint and far;
But bright are those green fields at hand,
And through those fields comes down the Aar,

And from the blue twin lakes it comes,
Flows by the town, the churchyard fair,
And 'neath the garden-walk it hums,
The house, — and is my Marguerite there?

Ah, shall I see thee, while a flush
Of startled pleasure floods thy brow,
Quick through the oleanders brush,
And clap thy hands, and cry, 'T is thou!

Or hast thou long since wandered back,
Daughter of France! to France, thy home;
And flitted down the flowery track
Where feet like thine too lightly come?

Doth riotous laughter now replace
Thy smile, and rouge, with stony glare,
Thy cheek's soft hue, and fluttering lace
The kerchief that enwound thy hair ?

Or is it over ? — art thou dead ? —
Dead ? — and no warning shiver ran
Across my heart, to say thy thread
Of life was cut, and closed thy span !

Could from earth's ways that figure slight
Be lost, and I not feel 't was so ?
Of that fresh voice the gay delight
Fell from earth's air, and I not know ?

Or shall I find thee still, but changed,
But not the Marguerite of thy prime ?
With all thy being rearranged,
Passed through the crucible of time ;

With spirit vanished, beauty waned,
And hardly yet a glance, a tone,
A gesture, — anything, — retained
Of all that was my Marguerite's own ?

I will not know ! — for wherefore try
To things by mortal course that live
A shadowy durability
For which they were not meant, to give ?

Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean-plain,

So on the sea of life, alas!
Man nears man, meets, and leaves again.

I knew it when my life was young,
I feel it still, now youth is o'er!
The mists are on the mountains hung,
And Marguerite I shall see no more.

Matthew Arnold.



Brienzen, the Lake.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENZ.

“WHAT know we of the blest above
But that they sing and that they love?”
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest damsels float
Homeward in their rugged boat
(While all the ruffling winds are fled,
Each slumbering on some mountain's head),
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of heaven, in order stand
The rustic maidens, every hand
Upon a sister's shoulder laid, —
To chant, as glides the boat along,
A simple, but a touching, song;
To chant, as angels do above,
The melodies of peace in love!

William Wordsworth.

Brunnen.

BRUNNEN.

ON the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke;
To the lake of poor Lucerne,
All submitted to the yoke.

Reding then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain;
But in vain his banner blazed,
Reding drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died,
Where their awful bones repose,
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.

Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their father's graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treason made the victors slaves!

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part;
Underwalden last expired,
Underwalden was the heart.

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;

In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their sires in olden time,
Armed they met in stern debate ;
While in every breast sublime
Glowed the spirit of the state.

Gallia's menace fired their blood :
With one heart and voice they rose ;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turned the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they swore
With their country's rights to die.

James Montgomery.

Bürglen.

TELL'S BIRTHPLACE.

MARK this holy chapel well !
The birthplace, this, of William Tell.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

Here first, an infant to her breast,
'Till his loving mother prest ;

And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers use to pray :

“ Vouchsafe him health, O God, and give
The child thy servant still to live ! ”
But God has destined to do more
Through him than through an armed power.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom’s cause, —
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein !

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit :
Where flashèd and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft !

The straining oar and chamois chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace :
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was !

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery, — the which he broke !

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Chillon.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

THERE are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old:
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years, — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

* * *

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;

Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day,
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky ;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

Lord Byron.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

FAIR lake, thy lovely and thy haunted shore
Hath only echoes for the poet's lute ;
None may tread there but with unsandalled foot,
Submissive to the great who went before,
Filled with the mighty memories of yore.
And yet how mournful are the records there :
Captivity and exile and despair
Did they endure who now endure no more, —
The patriot, the woman, and the bard,
Whose names thy winds and waters bear along ;
What did the world bestow for their reward

But suffering, sorrow, bitterness, and wrong?
 Genius! a hard and weary lot is thine, —
 The heart thy fuel, and the grave thy shrine.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

LAKE LEMAN AND CHILLON.

AT the old Genevan wharf she lay,
 Where the Jardin Anglais looks on the bay, —
 That steamer small, with a name so regal:
 Lake Lemman was tempting blue, that day,
 And as part of her brood we sailed away, —
 Our national totem, — “L’Aigle.”

Has the world of travel a purer joy
 Than the ramparts grim of old Savoy,
 As that day we sailed apart and down them? —
 Peak upon peak rising high, more high,
 And some with their heads that reached the sky, —
 With stern Mont Blanc to crown them?

With Jura’s steepes on the other side
 Of that lake with the dangerous placid tide;
 And below, to the edge, the green hills sloping:
 On one hand the mother, tender-eyed,
 On the other the father, high in pride,
 O’er their blue-eyed darling stooping!

With Beau Rivage, with sweet Lausanne,
 A hostel named for “milord Biron,”

Where he heard Childe Harold's echoing thunder:
One feast to the eye, sailing on and on,
Till the cliffs hung dark over old Chillon,
With the castle nestling under!

Time has gently dealt with the stern old pile,
And few the stones that have dropped erewhile
From the architect's featly and graceful shaping:
Though behind it a railway comes to spoil
The Past, with a hint of modern toil
And a means for romance escaping.

Dark rise the old turrets,—dark, yet fair.
Round tower in graceful blending with square,
And here a tall keep over all arisen;
Till the gazer thinks what a fortune rare
For a limited space to linger there,
Even calling one's home a prison!

And fair as ever the sun-rays fall
On the lapping waters under the wall;
And the view across still keeps its glory,—
Over the lake to the ramparts tall,
And the great snow-mountains crowning all
With that presence mighty as hoary.

But what dearer view was within embraced,
When over the drawbridge height we paced,
Under the archways gray and moulding,
And stood in the midst of that stony waste
Where the hand of genius one mark has placed
For the ages' long beholding,

Savoy's stern Dukes rule here no more :
There is silence on that presence-floor
Where herald and king bandied feudal manners ;
And the free Swiss Cantons there keep in store
Of rusty firelocks many a score
And a dozen of red-cross banners.

And deeper within comes room on room,
Of still deepening infamy and gloom,
Beneath and above the waters' level, —
Where the victims of old found cruel doom,
The prison a scaffold, the lake a tomb,
And the headsman a hooded devil.

And then, — the chamber of Bonnivard,
Of victims at once the vilest-starred,
And the luckiest far, that, one summer morning
The English lord saw his place of guard,
And the old renown of the castle marred
With a glory that came sans warning.

For who now visits the dungeons old,
But to see those "seven pillars of Gothic mould,"
With the one still bearing the broken fetters,
And the window 'neath which the blue lake rolled,
And through which the birds of lost freedom told,
As if they were wrong's abettors?

And what, when the old pile tumbles down,
Will give to its stones their best renown ?
Some puzzling and dim historic question ?

No! — the story-in-rhyme, that makes its crown,
 One day at Veytaux-Chillon set down
 By a guest with a bad digestion!

Henry Morford.



Clarens.

CLARENS.

CLARENS! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love!
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate
 thought;
 Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
 The very glaciers have his colors caught,
 And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly; the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,
 then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, —
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where the god
 Is a pervading life to light, — so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown, —
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate
 hour.

All things are here of him ; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed waters meet him and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life ; the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit ; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 't is his nature to advance or die ;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affection ; but he found

It was the scene which passion must allot
 To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground
 Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
 And hallowed it with loveliness: 't is lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a
 throne.

Lord Byron.

Constance, the Lake (Boden See).

THE HORSEMAN AND THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

THE horseman rides in the valley's glow,
 The sunbeam glistens on fields of snow,
 The sweat-drop falls as he speeds to gain
 The lake of Constance ere day doth wane,
 To pass with his steed in the ferry o'er,
 And land ere night on the further shore.
 On rugged path, with mettlesome steed,
 O'er brambles and stones he gains the mead.
 The mountains quitted he sees the land
 Extend like a snow-white sheet of sand,
 Behind him town and hamlet wane,
 And smooth is the path of the level plain.
 Not a hill around, not a house he sees,
 The rocks have vanished, no shrubs nor trees;
 A league hath he won, a second, a third,
 Aloft is the cry of the solan-geese heard,

The water-hen soars on rustling wing,
No other sounds through the stillness ring;
No wanderer can his eye behold
To point out the path his steps should hold.
On, on, as on velvet, o'er yielding snow!
"O, when will the murmuring waters glow?"
The day hath waned, through the gloom of night
In the distance glimmers a taper's light.
Mid the fog peers tree upon tree anew,
Dark mountains limit the distant view.
Again over stone and thorn he rides,
Then digs his spurs in the horse's sides,
The dogs at the steed and his rider bay,
The village hearth glows with inviting ray.
"O, welcome, fair maid, at the window; say,
To the lake, to the lake, how far, I pray?"
The maiden gazed with wondering eye,
"Both ferry and lake behind thee lie.
And were it not bound by its icy crust,
I should say thou hadst quitted the boat but just."
The stranger shuddered in dread suspense,
"Yon plain behind, I have ridden thence!"
The maiden uplifted her arms and spake,
"Great God! thou hast ridden across the lake:
The hoofs of thy steed have knocked at the grave,
In the gulf of death, the fathomless wave;
Did the billows beneath thee not vent their wrath?
Broke not with a crash thy icy path?
Thou wert not the prey of the silent brood,
Of the ravenous pike, in the chilly flood?"
She calls forth the village the tale to hear,

The gathering groups of boys draw near ;
The dames and the sires crowd round the spot :
“ Rejoice, O fortunate man, at thy lot !
Come in to the stove, to the steaming dish,
Break bread at our board and eat of our fish ! ”
The rider transfixed upon his steed,
Unto the first word alone gave heed.
His heart stood still, and on end his hair,
The horrors behind him still grinly stare ;
His eye sees naught but the gulf profound,
His mind sinks down to the deep, deep ground ;
Like rending ice in his ear it roars,
From his brow in torrents the cold sweat pours.
He sighs, falls from his steed to the ground ;
A grave on the shore of the lake he found.

Gustav Schwab. Tr. Alfred Baskerville.



Einsiedeln.

EINSIEDELN ABBEY.

MID savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
Between interminable tracts of pine,
Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls '
On the mute image and the troubled walls.

O, give not me that eye of hard disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedeln's wretched fane.
While ghastly faces through the gloom appear,

Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear;
While prayer contends with silenced agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope, O, pass and leave it there!
The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary way;
While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw no
more.

How gayly murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains reared for them amid the waste!
Their thirst they slake; they wash their toil-worn feet,
And some with tears of joy each other greet.
Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment will for you a sigh
Be heaved, of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands are prest
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

William Wordsworth.

ON FIRST SEEING THE MONASTERY OF MARIA EINSIEDELN.

T WAS eventide in summer's glorious prime,
When walking lonely, 'mong the Alpine chain,
I first beheld Einsiedeln's hallowed fane,
In the pure air serene, majestic climb,

And heard her Ave Mary softly chime :
And lo ! ev'n while I gazed, along the plain
The monks walked forth, to bless the pilgrim train,
Who came from far to expiate their crime.
I then was but a stripling in my teens,
Delighting in all legendary lore ;
Imagination revelled in such scenes ;
Then judge my joy, to see what tales of yore
Of pilgrims, monks, and their dear lady, taught,
Before me thus, all unexpected, brought !

James Cochrane.



Engelberg.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

FOR gentlest uses, ofttimes Nature takes
The work of Fancy from her willing hands ;
And such a beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first mine eyes beheld that famous hill
The sacred Engelberg, celestial bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues
at will.

Clouds do not name those visitants ; they were
The very angels whose authentic lays,

Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should raise
 A holy structure to the Almighty's praise.
 Resplendent apparition! if in vain
 My ears did listen, 't was enough to gaze,
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing mountain thirsted to detain!

William Wordsworth.

Gemmi, the Mountain.

ECHO UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
 Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony
 Of sounds, as rang the heights of Latmos over,
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping lover,
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
 In keen pursuit, and gave, where'er she flew,
 Impetuous motion to the stars above her.
 A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
 Of æry voices locked in unison, —
 Faint, far-off, near, deep, solemn and sublime!
 So from the body of one guilty deed
 A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed!

William Wordsworth.

Geneva, the Lake (Lake Leman).

LAKE LEMAN.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so
 moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
a star.

All heaven and earth are still, — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam nor air nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

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The sky is changed! — and such a change! O night
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.
Lord Byron.

ROUSSEAU.

HERE the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence — as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame

Kindled he was, and blasted : for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, this
Invested her with all that 's wild and sweet;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrensied, — wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,

Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :
 Did he not this for France ? which lay before
 Bowcd to the inborn tyranny of years,
 Broken and trembling, to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown
 fears ?

Lord Byron.

LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and De Stael,—
 Lemn ! these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these ; wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all ;
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by thee
 How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real !

Lord Byron.

LAKE OF GENEVA.

T WAS late, — the sun had almost shone
 His last and best, when I ran on,
 Anxious to reach that splendid view

Before the daybeams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.
'T was distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turned to the sun, who now began
To call in all his outpost rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
O, how I wished for Joshua's power
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no, — the sun still less became,
Diminished to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame
That on the Apostles' heads descended!

'T was at this instant — while there glowed
This last, intensest gleam of light —
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling!

I stood entranced and mute, — as they
Of Israel think the assembled world
Will stand upon that awful day
When the ark's light, aloft unfurled,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,

Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty Mout Blanc! thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deepfelt awe forget, —
The ecstasy that thrilled me then!

'Twas all that consciousness of power,
And life beyond this mortal hour, —
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heaven, — as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies, —
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame — O, bitter shame! —
At having risked that splendid right
For aught that earth, through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange! —
'Twas all this, at the instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought, —
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow,
Even upon earth, a thing divine,
And be once more the creature made
To walk unstained the Elysian shade!

Thomas Moore.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

DAY glimmered and I went, a gentle breeze
Ruffling the Leman Lake. Wave after wave,
If such they might be called, dashed as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
Making wild music, and far westward caught
The sunbeam, where, alone and as entranced,
Counting the hours, the fisher in his skiff
Lay with his circular and dotted line
On the bright waters. When the heart of man
Is light with hope, all things are sure to please;
And soon a passage-boat swept gayly by,
Laden with peasant-girls and fruits and flowers,
And many a chanticleer and partlet caged
For Vevey's market-place, — a motley group
Seen through the silvery haze. But soon 't was gone.
The shifting sail flapped idly to and fro,
Then bore them off. I am not one of those
So dead to all things in this visible world,
So wondrously profound, as to move on
In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old *
(His name is justly in the Calendar)
Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
That winds beside the mirror of all beauty,
And when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate,
Discoursing of the lake, asked where it was.
They marvelled, as they might; and so must all,
Seeing what now I saw: for now 't was day,

* Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux.

And the bright sun was in the firmament,
 A thousand shadows of a thousand hues
 Checkering the clear expanse. Awhile his orb
 Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, Mont Blanc,
 Thy seas of ice and ice-built promontories,
 That change their shapes forever as in sport;
 Then travelled onward and went down behind
 The pine-clad heights of Jura, lighting up
 The woodman's casement, and perchance his axe
 Borne homeward through the forest in his hand;
 And on the edge of some o'erhanging cliff,
 That dungeon-fortress * never to be named,
 Where, like a lion taken in the toils,
 Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous spirit.
 Little did he, who sent him there to die,
 Think, when he gave the word, that he himself,
 Great as he was, the greatest among men,
 Should in like manner be so soon conveyed
 Athwart the deep, and to a rock so small
 Amid the countless multitude of waves,
 That ships have gone and sought it, and returned,
 Saying it was not !

Samuel Rogers.

MIDNIGHT AT GENEVA.

THE azure lake is argent now
 Beneath the pale moonshine :
 I seek a sign of hope in heaven :
 Fair Pole-star ! thou art mine.

* The Castle of Joux in Franche-Comté.

A thousand other beacons blaze,
I follow thee alone,
Beyond the shadowy Jura range,
The Jura and the Rhone;

Beyond the purpling vineyards trim
Of sunny Clos Vougeot;
Beyond where Seine's brown waves beneath
The Norman orchards go;

Till, where the silver waters wash
The white-walled northern isle,
My heart outruns these laggart limbs
To the long-sighed-for smile.

Francis Turner Palgrave.



Glion.

OBERMANN ONCE MORE.

GLION?—Ah, twenty years, it cuts
All meaning from a name!
White houses prank where once were huts;
Glion, but not the same!

And yet I know not. All unchanged
The turf, the pines, the sky!
The hills in their old order ranged!
The lake, with Chillon by!

And 'neath those chestnut-trees, where stiff
And stony mounts the way,
Their crackling husk-heaps burn, as if
I left them yesterday.

Across the valley, on that slope,
The huts of Avant shine;
Its pines under their branches ope
Ways for the tinkling kine.

Full-foaming milk-pails, Alpine fare,
Sweet heaps of fresh-cut grass,
Invite to rest the traveller there,
Before he climb the pass, —

The gentian-flowered pass, its crown
With yellow spires aflame,
Whence drops the path to Allière down,
And walls where Byron came,

By their green river who doth change
His birth-name just below;
Orchard and croft and full-stored grange
Nursed by his pastoral flow.

But stop! — To fetch back thoughts that stray
Beyond this gracious bound,
The cone of Jaman, pale and gray,
See in the blue profound!

Ah, Jaman! delicately tall
Above his sun-warmed firs, —

What thoughts to me his rocks recall !
What memories he stirs !

And who but thou must be, in truth,
Obermann ! with me here ?
Thou master of my wandering youth,
But left this many a year !

Yes, I forget the world's work wrought,
Its warfare waged with pain !
An eremite with thee, in thought
Once more I slip my chain,

And to thy mountain-châlet come,
And lie beside its door,
And hear the wild bee's Alpine hum,
And thy sad, tranquil lore.

Again I feel its words inspire
Their mournful calm, — serene,
Yet tinged with infinite desire
For all that might have been,

The harmony from which man swerved
Made his life's rule once more !
The universal order served !
Earth happier than before !

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Matthew Arnold.

Goldau.

GOLDAU.

AN everlasting hill was torn
From its eternal base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors drest,
To where a people are at rest!

Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,
And the forests vanished before its path,
And the rude cliffs bowed, and the waters fled,
And the living were buried, while over their head
They heard the full march of their foe as he sped,
And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead!

The clouds were all bright: no lightnings flew,
And over that valley no death-blast blew;
No storm passed by on his cloudy wing,
No twang was heard from the sky-archer's string;
But the dark, dim hill in its strength came down,
While the shedding of day on its summit was thrown, —
A glory all light, like a wind-wreathed crown, —
While the tame bird flew to the vulture's nest,
And the vulture forbore in that hour to molest.

The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!
The villages sank, and the monarch trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,

While this tremendous pageant moved !
The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
Came down from his rock, and his path is shown,
In barrenness and ruin, where
The secret of his power lies bare,
His rocks in nakedness arise,
His desolation mocks the skies.

John Neal.

Grindelwald.

ON A GRAVE AT GRINDELWALD.

HERE let us leave him ; for his shroud the snow,
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
Between the heights to heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,
High in the stainless eminence of air ;
The next he was not, to his fatherland
Translated unaware.

Frederic W. H. Myers.

Grütli.

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

O, ENTER not yon shadowy cave,
 Seek not the bright stars there,
 Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave
 With freshness fill the air;
 For there the Patriot Three,
 In the garb of old arrayed,
 By their native forest-sea
 On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
 Beneath the midnight sky,
 And leagued their hearts on Grütli shore,
 In the name of liberty!
 Now silently they sleep
 Amidst the hills they freed;
 But their rest is only deep,
 Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
 Nor the Lanmer-geyer's cry,
 Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
 Nor the Lauwine thundering by!
 And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
 To a Switzer's heart so dear!
 On the wild wind floats away,
 No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagle's lonely sky;
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light;
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung!

They shall wake beside their forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore:
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answered with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;

And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques, o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvest wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep!

Felicia Hemans.

ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

WHENCE art thou, flower? from holy ground,
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have crossed,
And shivered helms have strewn the earth,
Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledged that man should roam
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallowed the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm devoted band,
And rose, and made their spirits felt
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born flower!
Even in thy pale decay
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

Felicia Hemans.

Gruyère.

RANZ DES VACHES OF THE GRUYÈRE ALPS, CANTON OF
FREIBOURG.

THE herdsmen of the Colombettes
At the dawn of day have risen;
Ha ah! ha ah!
Cows, cows! to the milking come!

Come here all of you,
White and black ones,
Red and brindled,
Young ones, old ones,
Under this oak-tree,
Where I will milk you,
Under this poplar,
Where I will drain you!
Cows, cows! to the milking come!

Swiss Song. Tr. Anon.

Handeck, the Falls.

THE FALL OF THE AAR.

FROM the fierce aspect of this river, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck — from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve —
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom yon pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

William Wordsworth.

Hospenthal.

HOSPENTHAL.

FULL dawn upon the heights of St. Gothard!
Wild nature and rude life!
And close-heaped dwellings where few comforts are,
Seemed with them both at strife.

The desolate church spoke little to the soul;
And yet its claim would put,
When the quaint round-tower on its rocky knoll
Invited not the foot.

The stranger entered, peering dimly round;
No being met his sight;
No sign of motion and no breath of sound
Stirred in that early light.

He walked and gazed and mused awhile, when, look!
In funeral trappings dressed,
A child its last mysterious slumber took,
Christ's emblems on its breast.

Close by the altar's steps they laid it out, —
Out from all harm and dearth, —
And nearer than elsewhere, they did not doubt,
To the God of heaven and earth.

He was not now alone; the newly dead
A strange, sad presence made,

Which all night long its unheard lesson read,
Through the deep double shade.

No, not alone : lo, spirits back from the Lord,
A loved, lamented crowd !

He bent, like Jacob, o'er his staff, and poured
His matin-prayer aloud.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.



Interlachen.

A MEMORY OF INTERLACHEN.

THERE is a light in darkness which the soul
Can seldom know, until the sense have crept
From height to height across the shadowless peaks
Which sentinel thy valley ; there are deeps
In thy green hollows, where still thought could lie
Through summer noons unending, glad with dreams ;
There too are twilights, sudden-black with storm,
When thunder speaks from the unapproachable hills,
And earth shakes at the arrows of his light.
Then have I heard a cithern's tinkling sound,
And hollow bursts of laughter from the hall,
While awful thunder shook the world again.
Then have I seen pale clouds retreat before
The glory of God's coming, and soft night
Die down in splendor on the voiceless Horn ;
And while keen players bent above their board,
Have watched the gold of distant stars appear
Circling in music over yon white brows.

Annie Fields.

Jungfrau, the Mountain.

MANFRED ON THE JUNGFRAU.

THE spirits I have raised abandon me,
The spells which I have studied baffle me,
The remedy I recked of tortures me :
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past ; and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother earth,
And thou, fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight, — thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance ; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed,
To rest forever, — wherefore do I pause ?
I feel the impulse, yet I do not plunge ;
I see the peril, yet do not recede ;
And my brain reels, and yet my foot is firm :
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live,

If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself, —
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

(An eagle passes.)

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well mayst thou swoop so near me, — I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets: thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision. Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence, make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are — what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,

(The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.)

The natural music of the mountain reed, —
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable, — pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes. O that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, — born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Lord Byron.

Küssnacht.

WILLIAM TELL.

HE must needs come along this hollow pass;
No other road will lead to Küssnacht. Here
I'll do the deed. The opportunity
Is favorable; behind yon elder-bush
I'll hide me, and shoot down the fatal shaft;
The narrow way shall shield me from pursuit.
Now, Gessler, settle thy account with Heaven!
'Tis time thou wert gone hence, — thy hour is up.

My life was still and harmless. Save the beast
That roams the forest, not a living thing
Ere felt the shaft directed by my hand;
No thought of murder ever stained my soul, —
But thou hast scared me from my peaceful haunts;
To bloating serpent-poison thou hast changed
The milk of my pure nature, and hast made
Most horrible deeds familiar to my soul.
He who could make a mark of his child's head
Can aim unerring at his foeman's heart.

The poor, dear children, little innocents, —
And my true wife; they cry to me for help
Against thy fury, Landvogt! In that hour
When with a trembling hand I drew the string, —
When thou with horrible, with devilish joy
Didst force me at my darling's head to aim, —
When I in powerless agony knelt to thee, —
Then in my inmost heart I made a vow,
And sealed it with a solemn oath to God,
That the first mark of my next shot should be
Thy heart. The solemn vow silently made
In the tremendous anguish of that hour,
It is a sacred debt, I'll pay it now.

Thou art my master and my emperor's Vogt;
Yet never had the emperor dared to do
What thou hast done. He sent thee to this land
To be our judge, stern, like himself indeed,
But not to gratify thy murderous lust
With deeds of horror, and go all unscathed, —
No, there's a God to punish and avenge!

Come forth, thou sometime source of bitter pain,
My costly jewel now, my highest joy, —
Soon thou shalt find a mark, which never yet
The voice of pity or of woe might pierce.
'T will not be proof 'gainst thee, — and, trusty string!
Thou that so oft hast done me faithful service
In games of pleasure, O, forsake me not
Now in this hour of awful earnestness!
Only this once hold fast, true sinew! thou

That hast so oft winged me the stinging shaft, —
If all in vain this once the bow I bend,
No second arrow have I here to send.

Upon this bench of stone I'll seat myself,
Where oft the traveller rests him by the way, —
For here no home is found. Each hurries on,
Nor stops to ask another's sorrows. Here
The anxious pedler passes by, — the light
Thinly clad pilgrim and the pious monk, —
The gloomy robber and the gay musician, —
The carrier with his heavy-laden steed,
Who comes from farthest habitable lands,
For every road conducts to the world's end.
With busy steps they hasten on their way
Each to his several business. Mine is murder!

Time was, dear children, if your sire went out,
There was rejoicing, when he came again;
For ever on 's return he brought you home
Some lovely Alpine flower or rare bird,
Or other wondrous offspring of the mountains. Now
He seeks for other spoil; on the wild way
He sits with murderous thoughts. His foeman's life, —
It is for that your sire is lurking now.
And yet on you alone he thinks as ever,
Dear children, to protect your innocent heads,
And save you from the tyrant's vengeance, now
He's forced with deadly aim to bend his bow!

I lie in wait for noble game. The hunter
Tires not of roaming all the livelong day

In stern midwinter, making perilous leaps
From rock to rock, or climbing slippery heights,
Gluing his path with blood, and all for what?
All to entrap a miserable chamois!
Here is a far more costly prize at stake,
The heart of the fell foe who seeks my life.

All my life long this bow has been to me
My most familiar friend. I've trained myself
By rules of archery, and oftentimes
I've pierced the target-spot and brought me home
Full many a noble prize from shooting-match.
To-day I'll make my master-shot, and win
The proudest prize in all the mountains round.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Lausanne.

GIBBON.

THOU too, whilst pondering History's vast plan,
Didst sit by the clear waters of Lausanne,
(What time Imperial Rome rose to thy view,
And thy bold hand her mighty image drew);
Thou too, methinks, as the sad wrecks extend,
Dost seem in sorrow o'er the scene to bend.
With steady eye and penetrating mind
Thou hast surveyed the toil of human kind;
Hast marked Ambition's march and fiery car,

And thousands shouting in the fields of war.
 But direr woes might ne'er a sigh demand,
 Than those of hapless, injured Switzerland!

William Lisle Bowles.

GIBBON AND VOLTAIRE.

LAUSANNE! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame:
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder and the flame
 Of heaven, again assailed, if heaven the while
 On man and man's research could deign do more than
 smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or wild, —
 Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
 He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents: but his own
 Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone, —
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,

And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer :
The lord of irony, — that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge, — far less condemn ;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all, — or hope and dread allayed
By slumber, on one pillow, — in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed ;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

Lord Byron.

Lauterbrunnen.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN.

"WHILE we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spring, and set up — surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears — a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." — ROBERT SOUTHEY; *Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."*

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired, — designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind !

Mid fields familiarized to human speech?
No mermaids warble — to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach, —
More thrilling melodies; witch answering witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
Alas! that from the lips of abject want
Or idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow, — free fancy to enthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born waterfall!
William Wordsworth.

THE BROTHERS.

IN the same hour the breath of life receiving,
They came together and were beautiful;
But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
How mournful was their beauty! She would sit,
And look and weep, and look and weep again;
For Nature had but half her work achieved,
Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
Her noblest gifts; denying speech to one,
And to the other — reason.

But at length
(Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)
Another came, as fair and fairer still;
And then, how anxiously the mother watched
Till reason dawned and speech declared itself!

Reason and speech were his ; and down she knelt,
Clasping her hands in silent ecstasy.

On the hillside, where still their cottage stands
(T is near the upper falls in Lauterbrunn ;
For there I sheltered now, their frugal hearth
Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,
And there, as round they sate, I heard their story),
On the hillside, among the cataracts,
In happy ignorance the children played ;
Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,
Of what they had and had not ; everywhere
Gathering rock-flowers ; or, with their utmost might,
Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge ;
Yet, as by instinct, at the customary hour,
Returning ; the two eldest, step by step,
Lifting along ; and with the tenderest care,
Their infant brother.

Once the hour was past ;
And, when she sought, she sought and could not find ;
And when she found, — where was the little one ?
Alas, they answered not ; yet still she asked,
Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,
Such as an eagle sends forth when he soars,
A scream that through the wild scatters dismay,
The idiot-boy looked up into the sky,
And leaped and laughed aloud and leaped again ;
As if he wished to follow in its flight
Something just gone, and gone from earth to heaven ;

While he, whose every gesture, every look,
Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,
He who nor spoke nor heard,—all things to him,
Day after day, as silent as the grave
(To him unknown the melody of birds,
Of waters, and the voice that should have soothed
His infant sorrows, singing him to sleep),
Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,
And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,
Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought
Flashed through her brain. "Has not some bird of
prey,
Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood —
It must, it must be so!" And so it was.

There was an eagle that had long acquired
Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
Savage, sublime; nor from the hills alone
Gathering large tribute, but from every vale;
Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop,
Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense
Assured to him who laid the tyrant low;
And near his nest in that eventful hour,
Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,—
A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,
And, as it chanced, their father.

In the south
A speck appeared, enlarging; and ere long,
As on his journey to the golden sun,
Upward he came, the felon in his flight,
Ascending through the congregated clouds,

That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
 The world beneath. "But what is in his grasp?
 Ha! 't is a child, — and may it not be ours?
 I dare not, cannot; and yet why forbear,
 When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it?
 May He who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth,
 And shot the apple from the youngling's head,
 Grant me the strength, the courage!" As he spoke,
 He aimed, he fired; and at his feet they fell,
 The eagle and the child, — the child unhurt,
 Though, such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.

Samuel Rogers.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

I.

A LOWLY hut, stone piled and redly stained
 With all of accident cold years have brought;
 A mother and her child in silent thought
 Sitting beside the river scarce contained
 From kissing with its gray and brattling foam
 Their feet, where monstrous over their lone home
 Yon awful Alp in battlemented wall
 Rears his sad forehead, from whose piny crest
 The torrent springs to light and happier life!
 It spurns the cloud where the unheeded call
 Of birds is joyous mid the blinding strife
 Of avalanches in the still deep noon,
 Veiling the pines, and the convulséd tune
 Of gray streams hushing in their arrowy fall.

II.

A temple for the Father, which his hand
Hath reared for these his lowliest worshippers,
Arched with Heaven's sapphire and with whispering firs,
Garnishing these walls sublime which ever stand
With many-colored shape of column fair,
And granite peak dim in the glittering air!
A lowly flock who need no pealing swell
Of choristers within quaint minster aisles,
Where God hath shamed all boastful human piles,
And whose cloud swings their awful Sabbath bell;
While silently they bow the thankful eye,
And kneel to Him whose hymn is there so well
Sung by his torrents leaping from the sky;
Thus live they, shut as in a holy cell,
Gracing their simple lives with natural piety.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Lucerne.

LUCERNE.

YET there is,
Within an eagle's flight and less, a scene
Still nobler if not fairer, (once again
Would I behold it ere these eyes are closed,
For I can say, "I also have been there!")
That sacred lake withdrawn among the hills,

Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
Built by the giant-race before the flood ;
Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
From godlike men, — men in a barbarous age
That dared assert their birthright, and displayed
Deeds half divine, returning good for ill ;
That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
Framing a band of small Republics there,
Which still exist, the envy of the world !
Who would not land in each, and tread the ground, —
Land where Tell leaped ashore, — and climb to drink
Of the three hallowed fountains ? He that does,
Comes back the better ; and relates at home
That he was met and greeted by a race
Such as he read of in his boyish days,
Such as Miltiades at Marathon
Led, when he chased the Persians to their ships.

There, while the well-known boat is heaving in,
Piled with rude merchandise, or launching forth,
Thronged with wild cattle for Italian fairs,
There in the sunshine, mid their native snows,
Children, let loose from school, contend to use
The cross-bow of their fathers ; and o'errun
The rocky field where all, in every age,
Assembling sit, like one great family,
Forming alliances, enacting laws ;
Each cliff and headland and green promontory
Graven to their eyes with records of the past
That prompt to hero-worship, and excite

Even in the least, the lowliest, as he toils,
A reverence nowhere else or felt or feigned;
Their chronicler great Nature; and the volume
Vast as her works, — above, below, around!
The fisher on thy beach, Thermopylæ,
Asks of the lettered stranger why he came,
First from his lips to learn the glorious truth!
And who that whets his scythe in Runnemede,
Though but for them a slave, recalls to mind
The barons in array, with their great charter?
Among the everlasting Alps alone,
There to burn on as in a sanctuary,
Bright and unsullied lives the ethereal flame;
And mid those scenes unchanged, unchangeable,
Why should it ever die?

Samuel Rogers.

LUCERNE.

SHORES of Lucerne! where many a winding bay,
Shone beauteous to the morn's returning ray;
Where rosy tints upon the blue lake shone,
And touched the rock with colors not their own;
Who now, with eyes that swim in tenderness,
Those scenes to every virtue dear shall bless!
What pleasure now can the rich landscape yield,
The sparkling cataract, the pendent field,
Mid hoar declivities, the sunny tower
Peering o'er beeches that its roof embower,
And cottage tops with light smoke trailing slow
O'er the gray vapors looming far below!

Who shall ascend proud Pilate's height, and mark
The motley clouds sail o'er the champaign dark,
Now breaking in fantastic forms, and now
Dappling the distant promontory's brow?
Then when the sun, that lights the scene, rides high,
And far away the scattered volumes fly,
Look up to the great God that rules the world,
By whom proud empires from their seats are hurled,
And feel a glow of holy gratitude,
That here, mid hollow glens and mountains rude,
Far from Ambition's march and Discord's yell,
Content with Love and Happiness should dwell.

Who now along those banks shall, listening, stray,
When evening lights each inlet west away,
And hear the solitary boatman's oar
Dip duly as he nears the shaded shore;
Or catch the whispers of the waterfall
That through the ivied clefts swell musical?
These scenes, these sounds, could many a joy impart,
With sadness mixed. The wandering youth, whose
heart

Was sick with many sorrows, resting here
At such an hour, forgot his starting tear;
He felt a pensive calm, sweeter than sleep,
Steal gently o'er his aching breast; the deep
And clear repose of the unruffled lake
His spirit seemed, unconscious, to partake;
And still the water, as it whispered near,
Or high woods, as they rustled, soothed his ear,
Like the remembrance of a melody
Heard in his infant, happy years gone by.

Now in his distant country, when, with tears,
 The tale of ruffian violence he hears;
 Hears that the spot which smiled with lovely gleam,
 Like some sweet image of a tender dream,
 Upon his morning path, is drenched with gore,
 Its harmless tenants weltering on the shore;
 He will exclaim, whilst from his breast he draws
 A deep, deep sigh, "Avenge, O God, their cause!"

William Lisle Bowles.

MONUMENT AT LUCERNE

TO THE SWISS GUARD MASSACRED AT THE ASSAULT ON THE
 TUILERIES, A. D. 1792.

WHEN maddened France shook her King's palace
 floor,
 Nobly, heroic Swiss, ye met your doom.
 Unflinching martyr to the oath he swore,
 Each steadfast soldier faced a certain tomb.

Not for your own, but others' claims ye died:
 The steep, hard path of fealty called to tread,
 Threatened or soothed, ye never turned aside,
 But held right on, where fatal duty led!

Reverent we stand beside the sculptured rock,
 Your cenotaph, — Helvetia's grateful stone;
 And mark in wonderment, the breathing block,
 Thorwaldsen's glorious trophy, — in your own.

Yon dying lion is your monument !
 Type of majestic suffering, the brave brute,
 Human almost, in mighty languishment
 Lies wounded, not subdued ; and, proudly mute,
 Seems as for some great cause resigned to die :
 And, hardly less than hero's parting breath,
 Speaks to the spirit, through the admiring eye,
 Of courage, faith, and honorable death.

John Kenyon.

THE COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

PRINCE HENRY.

GOD'S blessing on the architects who build
 The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
 Before impassable to human feet,
 No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
 Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
 The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
 Well has the name of Pontifex been given
 Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
 And architect of the invisible bridge
 That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows !
 What are these paintings on the walls around us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber !

ELSIE.

What ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death!

All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

ELSIE.

O, yes! I see it now!

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving;
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar!

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen
Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest !

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad ! And yet perhaps 't is best
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,
Then into darkness !

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me !"

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,
The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life ! Ah yes ! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings

That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day,
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,
 ' not upon those hollow planks, resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
 On coffins in a churchyard! Youder lies
 The Lake of the Four Forest-towns, apparelled
 In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
 Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
 Then pouring all her life into another's,
 Changing her name and being! Overhead,
 Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
 Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

O'ER foaming Reuss with waters green,
 There stood a bridge with friendly light,
 Fair beacon for the treacherous night,
 By traveller and boatman seen;
 Lucerna was its name,
 Born of its lambent flame,
 True symbol of celestial sheen.

Here fair Helvetia's city rose,
 Begirt with Roman wall and moat;
 In ancient days here Cæsar smote,
 With arm of strength, all haughty foes, —
 And Roman valor still
 Inspires the common will,
 And nerves the arm for valiant blows.

But moat and wall of ancient day
 In ruin lie; no signal light,

As erst, illumes the darkling night ;
No feud invites the midnight fray ;
 But mountain shadows fall,
 The wealth and joy of all, —
All nature smiles in sweet array.

And palaces in splendor rise,
 And rich cathedral, quaint and old,
 Whose organ-music doth unfold
The heart, as message from the skies :
 A thing of beauty we discern
 In the Lion of Lucerne,
A joy forever to all eyes.

Wrought from the native granite rock,
 Danish Thorwaldsen's masterpiece,
 Couchant, transfixed, without surcease
Of pain, struggles against the shock ;
 And while for breath he gasps,
 Lily of France he grasps
With ardent pressure ere he dies.

Life pours from out the ghastly wound,
 His swollen eyes weep drops of blood,
 Fit emblem of the crimson flood
That filled the Tuileries when the ground
 Lay thick with noble dead,
 To cruel slaughter led,
Touching with grief the wide world round.

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*

A. Judson Rich.

LUCERNE, THE LAKE.



Lucerne, the Lake.

LAKE AND MOUNTAINS.

FISHER-BOY IN THE BOAT.

THERE's a smile on the lake, — there 's a voice from
the deep ;

The boy on the green shore sank gently to sleep ;

And, hark ! a sweet melody

Steals o'er his rest,

Like the voices of angels

In groves of the blest ;

And when, fresh and buoyant, from slumber he wakes,

Lo ! the wave on his bosom just murmurs and breaks,

And the billow calls softly :

“ Dear boy, thou art mine !

Round the peace-loving shepherd

My fond arms I twine.”

HERDSMAN ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Ye meadows, farewell !

Ye pastures, still shining !

The summer 's declining,

And herdsmen must go.

Then away to the mountain ! — We 're coming again,

When the call of the cuckoo is heard on the plain,

When streamlets murmur, and earth is gay,

And blossoms and birds tell of lovely May.

Ye meadows, farewell !

Ye pastures, still shining !
The summer 's declining,
And herdsmen must go.

ALPINE HUNTER ON AN OPPOSITE CRAG.

Mid thundering mountains, on tottering bridge,
Dreads not the bold hunter the perilous ridge.
O'er ice-fields, undaunted,
He wanders alone,
Where blossoms no spring-time,
Nor green thing is known.
Beneath him the clouds in vast billows roll by,
And the dwellings of men are all hid from his eye,
Till the clouds yawn asunder ;
Then, glittering in green,
Far down through the waters
Gay meadows are seen.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE CHAPEL OF TELL (ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE).

ON this green platform with its chapel small
Embowered, the centre of the mountain land,
Take, holy Freedom, take for aye thy stand ;
And hither from all regions ever call
Thy sons to thy perpetual festival,
Or bid them drink, a sacramental band,
From Grütli's founts that rose at thy command,
There where the three deliverers vowed the fall
Of Power unjust. Night heard those whispered tones :

Have they not found large echoes in the world?
Have they not been like God's own thunder hurled
In ruin down on all opprobrious thrones?
All sway that, deifying lawless might,
On that doth build, and not on God and on the right?

Aubrey de Vere.



Lugano, the Lake.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

THIS church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2,000 feet, and on one side nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded.

THOU sacred pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the Universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting bounty dwells?
That, while the creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times, —
Let all remind the soul of heaven ;
Our slack devotion needs them all ;
And Faith — so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of nature, climbs —
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the pomps of this frail "spot
Which men call earth," have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old, —
A hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills !

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief !
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.¹

William Wordsworth.

¹ Arnold von Winkelried.

Martigny.

MORNING IN MARTIGNY.

THIS sunrise on Saint Bernard's snow,
 'T is dawn within the vale below ;
And in Martigny's streets appear
The mule and noisy muleteer ;
And tinklings fill the rosy air,
Until the mountain pass seems there,
Up whose steep pathway scarcely stirs
The long, slow line of travellers ;
And in the shadowy town is heard
The sound of many a foreign word.

Old men are there, whose locks are white
As yonder cloud which veils the height ;
And maidens, whose young cheeks are kissed
 By ringlets flashing bright or dark,
Whose hearts are light as yonder mist
 That holds the music of the lark, —
And youths are there with jest and laugh,
Each bearing his oft-branded staff
To chronicle, when all is done,
The dangerous heights his feet have won.

So toils through life the pilgrim soul
 Mid rocky ways and valleys fair ;
At every base or glorious goal
 His staff receives the record there, —

The names that shall forever twine,
And blossom like a fragrant vine,
Or, like a serpent, round it cling
Eternally to coil and sting.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

Morgarten.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

IN the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared he "would trample the audacious rustics under his feet," and that he had procured a large stock of cordage for the purpose of binding their chiefs and putting them to death.

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage music, rung, —
A sound through vaulted cave,
A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
'T was the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest glooms
Flashed helmets to the day,

• And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian passed ;
And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up midst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazoned streamers and lances tall,
Moved onwards, in princely state.
They came with heavy chains
For the race despised so long, —
But amidst his Alp-domains
The herdsman's arm is strong !

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain-people stood,
There was stillness, as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
And a pause, — but not of fear,

While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they looked not to the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
All helmed and mail-arrayed,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
In the rustling forest-shade.
There were prince and crested knight,
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown, —
O, the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came, like lawine hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
And the Switzers rushed from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They stormed the narrow dell,

And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then,
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake,
From the reapers of the field!
The field, — but not of sheaves, —
Proud crests and pennons lay
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves
In the autumn-tempest's way.

Oh, the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
When the Austrian turned to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
Had a fearful death to die!
And the leader of the war
At eve unhelmed was seen,
With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills
Went back from the battle-toil

To their cabin-homes midst the deep green hills,
All burdened with royal spoil.
There were songs and festal fires
On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprung to greet their sires,
From the wild Morgarten fight.

Felicia Hemans.



Morat (Murten).

THE BATTLE OF MURTEN.

THE tidings flew from land to land,
At Murten lies Burgund;
And all make haste, for fatherland,
To battle with Burgund.

In the field before a woodland green,
Shouted the squire and knight;
Loud shouted René of Lorraine,
“We ’ll forward to the fight!”

The leaders held but short debate;
Too long it still appeared;—
“Ah, God! when ends the long debate?
Are they perchance afeard?”

“Not idle stands in heaven high
The sun in his tent of blue;

We laggards let the hours go by!
When shall we hack and hew?"

Fearfully roared Carl's cannonade;
We cared not what befell;
We were not in the heat dismayed,
If this or that man fell.

Lightens' in circles wide the sword,
Draws back the mighty spear;
Thirsted for blood the good broadsword,
Blood drank the mighty spear.

Short time the foemen bore the fray,
Soldier and champion fled,
And the broad field of battle lay
Knee-deep with spears o'erspread.

Some in the forest, some the brake,
To hide from the sunlight sought;
Many sprang headlong into the lake,
Although they thirsted not.

Up to the chin they waded in;
Like ducks swam here and there;
As they a flock of ducks had been,
We shot them in the mere.

After them on the lake we sail,
With oars we smote them dead,
And piteously we heard them wail;
The green lake turned to red.

Up on the trees clomb many high,
We shot them there like crows;
Their feathers helped them not to fly,
No wind to waft them blows.

The battle raged two leagues around,
And many foemen lay
All hacked and hewed upon the ground,
When sunset closed the day;
And they who yet alive were found
Thanks to the night did pay.

A camp like any market-place
Fell to the Switzer's hand;
Carl made the beggars rich apace
In needy Switzerland.

The game of chess is a kingly play; —
'T is a Leaguer now that tries;
He took from the king his pawns away;
His flank unguarded lies.

His castles were of little use,
His knights were in a strait;
Turn him whatever way he choose,
There threatens him checkmate.

Veit Weber had his hand on sword,
Who did this rhyme indite:
Till evening mowed he with the sword;
He sang the stout at night.

He swung the bow, he swung the sword,
Fiddler and fighter true,
Champion of lady and of lord,
Dancer and prelate too.

Veit Weber. Tr. C. C. Felton.

MORAT.

ABOVE me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, — the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
below.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be passed in vain, —
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain ;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument ; — the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wandering
ghost.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entailed corruption; they no land
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

Lord Byron.

Payerne.

QUEEN BERTHA'S ALMS.

GLAD as that thrill some princely birth
G With hushed yet rapturous omen gracing,
The stir, as from her palace forth
The young fair queen came pacing.
But here no pompous guard was set,
No flattering concourse gathered round;
The poor about her gate were met;
The readiest place the poorest found.

Like youthful angels, all alert
The queen dispensed her bounteous load;
On those whom keenest fates had hurt,
Her earlier gifts bestowed.

Her face the maniac's rage beguiled;
 She turned her now among the ring,
 And paused above a poor blind child
 The sweetest of her songs to sing.

Kind gifts to some, kind words to more,
 Kind looks to each and all she gave,
 Which on with them through life they bore,
 And down into their grave.
 Around her feet the children crept,
 And kissed the grass those feet had trod,
 Whilst eyes that many a year had wept,
 With tears of gladness gemmed the sod.

The chiming of the convent bells
 Called her at last away to prayer:
 Farewell she smiled on their farewells —
 And turned; when, unaware,
 An old gray man with hands outspread
 She marked low bent on quivering knee;
 Over his brow she stooped and said,
 "A kiss is all I have for thee."

Aubrey de Vere.

QUEEN BERTHA.

THY name is ever blest,
 Thy memory ever fair,
 And peaceful be thy sainted rest,
 Beloved queen! in earth's cold breast
 As in our hearts, — for thou art there!

With thine own hand thou didst the spindle guide!
Thy royal hand, that oft a sceptre bore.
Instructress of the hamlet! and the pride
And solace of the city: yet not more
A model for the great ones of the earth
Than for the dwellers round the poor man's hearth!

Ah! who that reads the tale of days gone by
But loves to turn,—yet turns with half a sigh
Back to the good old times, the golden age
When first thy name sheds brightness o'er the page!
Times full of teaching for those yet to run,
When Bertha on her palfrey rode and spun.

Thy name is ever blest,
Thy memory ever fair,
And peaceful be thy sainted rest,
Beloved queen! in earth's cold breast
As in our hearts,—for thou art there!

P. Bridel. Tr. Anon.

THE SONG OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

JUST as we spin, of old 't is said
Queen Bertha used to twine the thread, —
I spin.

And with our wheels and merry song
Winter's dark hours flow blithely on.

We spin, my girl and I.

When my neighbor comes at night
With her niece around the light,—
I spin.

Round the blazing fire we gather,
And we sing and spin together.
We spin, my girl and I.

While I twist the whistling thread
The daily task is quickly said, —
I spin.
And then my little happy boy
Frisks round my wheel in careless joy.
We spin, my girl and I.

We may gossip as we spin,
But to backbite is a sin, —
I spin.
They who slander soon shall find
Coarse and rough the thread they wind.
We spin, my girl and I.

Twist it neither slack nor tight,
Keep between and 't will be right, —
I spin.
Girls who think of lovers go
Always over fast or slow.
We spin, my girl and I.

Oil your wheel, that turning round
It may make no creaking sound, —
I spin.
Oil of patience is the oil !
Sweetener that of every toil !
We spin, my girl and I.

Maid whose wheel turns gratingly
Day and night shall lonely be, —
I spin.

Of her temper 't is a proof
Frightened love will keep aloof.
We spin, my girl and I.

Spin, spin from morn till night,
Maidens, do your task aright, —
I spin.
And in time some lover true
Shall twine a thread of love for you!
We spin, my girl and I.

Spin, girls, then spin ever,
Spin long, spin well together, —
I spin.
Gently go, and steadily too,
You for us and we for you.
We spin, my girl and I.

Popular Swiss Song. Tr. Anon.



Pilatus, the Mountain.

MOUNT PILATE.

HE riseth alone, — alone and proud
From the shore of an emerald sea;
His crest hath a shroud of the crimson cloud,
For a king of the Alps is he;

Standing alone as a king should stand,
With his foot on the fields of his own broad land.

And never a storm from the stores of the north
Comes sweeping along the sky,
But it emptieth forth the first of its wrath
On the crags of that mountain high;
And the voice of those crags has a tale to tell
That the heart of the hearer shall treasure well.

A tale of a brow that was bound with gold,
And a heart that was bowed with sin;
Of a fierce deed told of the days of old
That might never sweet mercy win,
Of legions in steel that were waiting by
For the death of the God who could never die.

Of a dear kind face that its kindness kept
Dabbled with blood of its own;
Of a lady who leapt from the sleep she slept
To plead at a judgment throne;
Of a cross, and a cry, and a night at noon,
And the sun and the earth at a sickly swoon.

But climb the crags when the storm has rule,
And the spirit that rides the blast,
And hark to his howl as he sweeps the pool
Where the Roman groaned his last;
And to thee shall the tongue of the tempest tell
A record too sad for the poet's shell.

Edwin Arnold.

Reuss, the River.

URSEREN.

FROM the green vale of Urseren smooth and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our guide;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they;
By cells upon whose image, while he prays,
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze;
By many a votive death-cross planted near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye,
Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh;
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming suows and roaring waves.

William Wordsworth.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

THIS bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep!

*

*

*

Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss;

All the rest, of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice,
And whatsoe'er was built by day
In the night was swept away :
None could stand but this alone.

* * *

I showed you in the valley a boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder ;
As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, " Herr Jé ! "
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight !

* * *

Abbot Giraldu of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

* * *

At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks reëchoed with peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Rhine, the River.

THE BROOK RHINE.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men,
Changing and sudden as a baby's mood ;
Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood,
Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen,
Or threading mid the naked shoals, and then
Battling against the stones, half mist, half flood,
Betwixt the mountains where the storm-clouds brood ;
And each change but to wake or sleep again ;
Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee :
Far hence a mighty river on its breast
Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea,
Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn :
Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose born,
On to the distant toil, the distant rest.

Augusta Webster.

Righi.

ON THE RIGHI.

ON the Righi Kulm we stood,
Lovely Floribel and I,
While the morning's crimson flood
Streamed along the eastern sky.

Reddened every mountain peak
Into rose, from twilight dun ;
But the blush upon her cheek
Was not lighted by the sun !

On the Righi Kulm we sat,
Lovely Floribel and I,
Plucking bluebells for her hat
From a mound that blossomed nigh.
“ We are near to heaven,” she sighed,
While her raven lashes fell.
“ Nearer,” softly I replied,
“ Than the mountain’s height may tell.”

Down the Righi’s side we sped,
Lovely Floribel and I,
But her morning blush had fled,
And the bluebells all were dry.
Of the height the dream was born ;
Of the lower air it died ;
And the passion of the morn
Flagged and fell at eventide.

From the breast of blue Lucerne
Lovely Floribel and I
Saw the brand of sunset burn
On the Righi Kulm, and die.
And we wondered, gazing thus,
If our dream would still remain
On the height, and wait for us
Till we climb to heaven again !

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

St. Bernard, the Mountain.

THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my mule,
That all day long had climbed among the clouds,
Higher and higher still, as by a stair,
Let down from heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door,—
That door which ever, as self-opened, moves
To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me,
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand
While I alighted. Long could I have stood,
With a religious awe contemplating
That house, the highest in the Ancient World,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith;
A temple, sacred to humanity!
It was a pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,

Warred on forever by the elements,
And in an evil day, nor long ago,
By violent men, — when on the mountain-top
The French and Austrian banners met in conflict.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity ;
The vesper-bell, for 't was the vesper hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
“All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant, — move your lips in prayer !”
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be called, so near to heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow ;
A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'T was a place
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As if all worldly ties were now dissolved ; —
And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in gloom
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as, having wandered from their way,
Had perished miserably. Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them ;
Their features full of life yet motionless
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
Though the barred windows, barred against the wolf,
Are always open ! But the North blew cold ;
And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,

I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine.
And through the floor came up, an ancient croue
Serving unseen below ; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in the prime ;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sate,
Ranged round their ample hearthstone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile,
As children ; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth ;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk
Music ; and gathering news from them that came,
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean-waves,
When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was changed ; and, sallying with their pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. " Anselm, higher up,
Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
And now, as guided by a voice from heaven,
Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence
Whose can it be, but his who never erred ?
A man lies underneath ! Let us to work !
But who descends Mont Velau ? 'Tis La Croix.

Away, away! if not, alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering and falling, and but half awaked,
Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse.

Oft has a venerable roof received me;
Saint Bruno's once, — where, when the winds were
lushed,

Nor from the cataract the voice came up,
You might have heard the mole work underground,
So great the stillness there; none seen throughout,
Save when from rock to rock a hermit crossed
By some rude bridge, — or one at midnight tolled
To matins, and white habits, issuing forth,
Glided along those aisles interminable,
All, all observant of the sacred law
Of silence. Nor is that sequestered spot,
Once called "Sweet Waters," now "The Shady Vale,"
To me unknown; that house so rich of old,
So courteous, and, by two that passed that way,
Amplly requited with immortal verse,
The Poet's payment. But among them all,
None can with this compare, the dangerous seat
Of generous, active virtue. What though frost
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
Thaw not, but gather, — there is that within,
Which, where it comes, makes summer; and, in thought,
Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
Those from the South ascending, every step
As though it were their last, — and instantly

Restored, renewed, advancing as with songs,
Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag,
That plain, that modest structure, promising
Bread to the hungry, to the weary rest.

Samuel Rogers.

SONG ON SAINT BERNARD.

O, IT is a pleasure rare
Ever to be climbing so,
Winding upward through the air,
Till the cloud is left below!
Upward and forever round
On the stairway of the stream,
With the motion and the sound
Of processions in a dream:
While the world below all this
Lies a fathomless abyss.

Freedom singeth ever here,
Where her sandals print the snow,
And to her the pines are dear,
Freely rocking to and fro;
Swinging oft like stately ships,
Where the billowy tempests sport;
Or, as when the anchor slips
Down the dreamy wave in port,
Standing silent as they list
Where the zephyrs furl the mist.

Here the well-springs drop their pearls,
All to Freedom's music strung;

And the brooks, like mountain girls,
Sing the songs of Freedom's tongue.
And the great hills, stern and stanch,
Guard her valleys and her lakes,
And the rolling avalanche
Blocks the path the invader makes,
While her eagle, like a flag,
Floats in triumph o'er the crag!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

STORM ON SAINT BERNARD.

O HEAVEN, it is a fearful thing
Beneath the tempest's beating wing
To struggle, like a stricken hare
When swoops the monarch bird of air;
To breast the loud winds' fitful spasms,
To brave the cloud and shun the chasms,
Tossed like a fretted shallop-sail
Between the ocean and the gale.

Along the valley, loud and fleet,
The rising tempest leapt and roared,
And scaled the Alp, till from his seat
The throned Eternity of Snow
His frequent avalanches poured
In thunder to the storm below.

The laden tempest wildly broke
O'er roaring chasms and rattling cliffs,

And on the pathway piled the drifts ;
And every gust was like a wolf, —
And there was one at every cloak, —
That, snarling, dragged toward the gulf.
The staggering mule scarce kept his pace,
With ears thrown back and shoulders bowed ;
The surest guide could barely trace
The difference 'twixt earth and cloud ;
And every form, from foot to face,
Was in a winding-sheet of snow :
The wind, 't was like the voice of woe
That howled above their burial-place !

And now, to crown their fears, a roar
Like ocean battling with the shore,
Or like that sound which night and day
Breaks through Niagara's veil of spray,
From some great height within the cloud,
To some immeasured valley driven,
Swept down, and with a voice so loud
It seemed as it would shatter heaven !
The bravest quailed ; it swept so near,
It made the ruddiest cheek to blanch,
While look replied to look in fear,
"The avalanche ! The avalanche !"
It forced the foremost to recoil,
Before its sideward billows thrown, —
Who cried, "O God ! Here ends our toil !
The path is overswept and gone !"

The night came down. The ghostly dark,
Made ghostlier by its sheet of snow,

Wailed round them its tempestuous woe,
Like Death's announcing courier! "Hark!
There, heard you not the Alp-hound's bark?
And there again! and there! Ah, no,
'T is but the blast that mocks us so!"

Then through the thick and blackening mist
Death glared on them, and breathed so near,
Some felt his breath grow almost warm,
The while he whispered in their ear
Of sleep that should outdream the storm.
Then lower drooped their lids, — when, "List!
Now, heard you not the storm-bell ring?
And there again, and twice and thrice!
Ah, no, 't is but the thundering
Of tempests on a crag of ice!"

Death smiled on them, and it seemed good
On such a mellow bed to lie:
The storm was like a lullaby,
And drowsy pleasure soothed their blood.
But still the sturdy, practised guide
His unremitting labor plied;
Now this one shook until he woke,
And closer wrapt the other's cloak, —
Still shouting with his utmost breath,
To startle back the hand of Death,
Brave words of cheer! "But, hark again, —
Between the blasts the sound is plain;
The storm, inhaling, lulls, — and hark!
It is — it is! the alp-dog's bark!

And on the tempest's passing swell, —
The voice of cheer so long debarred, —
There swings the Convent's guiding-bell,
The sacred bell of Saint Bernard ! ”

Then how they gained, though chilled and faint,
The Convent's hospitable door,
And breathed their blessing on the saint
Who guards the traveller as of yore,
Were long to tell : and then the night
And unhoused winter of the height
Were rude for audience such as mine ;
The harp, too, wakes to more delight,
The fingers take a freer flight,

When warmed between the fire and wine.
The storm around the fount of song
Has blown its blast so chill and long,
What marvel if it freeze or fail,
Or that its spray returns in hail !
Or, rather, round my Muse's wings
The encumbering snow, though melting, clings
So thickly she can scarce do more
Than flounder where she most would soar.

The hand benumbed, reviving, stings,
And with thick touches only brings
The harp-tones out by fits and spells, —
You needs must note how all the strings
Together jar like icicles !
Then heap the hearth and spread the board,
And let the glowing flasks be poured,

While I beside the roaring fire
Melt out the music of my lyre.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT,

IN THE CONVENT OF SAINT BERNARD.

O, IT is a joy to gaze
Where the great logs lie ablaze;
Thus to list the garrulous flame
Muttering like some ancient dame;
And to hear the sap recount
Stories of its native mount,
Telling of the summer weather,
When the trees swayed all together, —
How the little birds would launch
Arrowy songs from branch to branch,
Till the leaves with pleasure glistened,
And each great bough hung and listened
To the song of thrush and linnet,
When securely lodged within it,
With all pleasant sounds that dally
Round the hill and in the valley;
Till each log and branch and splinter
On the ancient hearth of Winter
Can do naught but tell the story
Of its transient summer glory.

O, there's tranquil joy in gazing,
Where these great logs lie ablazing,

While the wizard flame is sparkling,
The memorial shadows darkling
Swim the wall in strange mutation,
Till the marvelling contemplation
Feeds its wonder to repletion
With each firelight apparition.

There the ashen Alp appears,
And its glowing head uprears,
Like a warrior grim and bold,
With a helmet on of gold ;
And a music goes and comes
Like the sound of distant drums.

O'er a line of serried lances
How the blazing banner dances,
While red pennons rise and fall
Over ancient Hannibal.

Lo, beneath a moon of fire,
Where the meteor sparks stream by her,
There I see the brotherhood
Which on sacred Grütli stood,
Pledging with crossed hands to stand
The defenders of the land.

And in that red ember fell
Gessler, with the dart of Tell !

Still they fall away, and, lo !
Other phantoms come and go,

Other banners wing the air,
And the countless bayonets glare,
While around the steep way stir
Armies of the conqueror;
And the slow mule toiling on
Bears the world's Napoleon.

Now the transient flame that flashes
Twixt the great logs and the ashes
Sends a voice out from the middle
That my soul cannot unriddle, —
Till the fire above and under
Gnaws the stoutest wood asunder,
And the brands, in ruin blended,
Smoking, lie uncomprehended, —
While the dying embers blanch,
And the muffled avalanche,
Noiseless as the years descend,
Sweeps them to an ashen end.
Thus at last the great shall be,
And the slave shall lie with them, —

Pie Jesu Domine

Dona eis requiem!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !" .
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !" .
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !" .
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
• A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

St. Gall.

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT NEAR SAINT GALL.

I.

HOW sweet that valley, clothed in freshest green,
With its neat city ! whose white shining walls
And village-like circumference scarce recalls
The form of any city we have seen,
But looks like some small picture, so serene
And still it lies ! But hark ! the convent-bell !
What strange emotions in the bosom swell !
And fair before, now doubly fair the scene.
Such magic 's in a sound. The mind is stored

With images, requiring but a stroke,
Or gentlest touch, to vibrate at each chord,
And pleasurable feelings to evoke:
It is a prism, whose hues are undisclosed
Till acted on, and to its sun exposed.

II.

OUR sweetest musings are delusions oft,
As baseless as night dreams; or as the bow,
Spanning the heavens, which from afar a glow
Of beauty seems, radiant, at once, and soft,
Meet path for spirits when they pass aloft,
But aerial and unreal. To my young mind,
A convent brought up images refined
And beautiful, till, standing 'neath their loft,
I heard the sisters, gazing on the wall,
Repeat and re-repeat their weary drawl,
Which the damp vaults cast back as if in scorn;
And learned that prayers ceased not, nor night nor day,
Nor had for ages; when I turned away,
Lamenting over creatures so forlorn.

James Cochrane.

St. Gothard.

ON HEARING THE RANZ DES VACHES ON THE TOP OF
THE PASS OF SAINT GOTHARD.

I LISTEN,—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect

With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine
 (So fame reports) and die, — his sweet-breathed kine
 Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
 The tale as fabulous. — Here while I recline,
 Mindful how others by this simple strain
 Are moved, for me, — upon this mountain named
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence, —
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the music's touching influence ;
 And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

William Wordsworth.

THE SAINT GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
 Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
 Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
 Becomes a benefaction to the towns
 They visit, wandering silently among them,
 Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is ! Nothing but mosses
 Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten ;
 Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone!

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders! Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air!
What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY.

These are
The voices of the mountains! Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads itself beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy! Italy!

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna!

How beautiful it is! It seems a garden
Of Paradise!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SONG OF THE ALPS.

BY the edge of the chasm is a slippery track,
The torrent beneath, and the mist hanging o'er thee;
The cliffs of the mountain, huge, rugged, and black,
Are frowning like giants before thee;
And, wouldst thou not waken the sleeping Lawine,
Walk silent and soft through the deadly ravine.

That bridge with its dizzying, perilous span
Aloft o'er the gulf and its flood suspended,
Think'st thou it was built by the art of man,
By his hand that grim old arch was bended?
Far down in the jaws of the gloomy abyss
The water is boiling and hissing, — forever will hiss.

That gate through the rocks is as darksome and drear
As if to the region of shadows it carried:
Yet enter! A sweet laughing landscape is here,
Where the Spring with the Autumn is married.
From the world, with its sorrows and warfare and wail,
O, could I but hide in this bright little vale!

Four rivers¹ rush down from on high,
Their spring will be hidden forever;
Their course is to all the four points of the sky,

¹ The Reus, the Rhine, the Ticino, and the Rhone.

To each point of the sky is a river;
And fast as they start from their old mother's feet,
They dash forth, and no more will they meet.

Two pinnacles rise to the depths of the blue;
Aloft on their white summits glancing,
Bedecked in their garments of golden dew,
The clouds of the sky are dancing;
There threading alone their lightsome maze,
Uplifted apart from all mortals' gaze.

And high on her ever-enduring throne
The queen of the mountains reposes;
Her head serene and azure and lone
A diamond crown encloses;
The sun with his darts shoots round it keen and hot,
He gilds it always, he warms it not.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. Thomas Carlyle.

Schächen, the River.

THE DEATH OF TELL.

THERE are, with forms celestial,
And faces starry-bright, —
Throughout the joyous youth-time
A hope and true delight, —
Who fall, as age advances,
Beneath some sad eclipse,

And leave no pleasant record
To be told by fondest lips.

There are, in whom the Godhead,
In youth but dimly seen,
More brightly glows and flashes,
In conduct as in mien, —
When years have laid their burthen
On shoulder and on head, —
So "the last days are the best days,"
As one of old has said.

Methinks no crown he needed, —
Thus known to world-wide fame, —
As one who wore so nobly
The Swiss Deliverer's name :
To be true Tell of Altorf, —
What more could patriot need ?
And how could he be honored
By any later deed ?

And yet there was a crowning,
Unknown to history's roll :
One last great revelation
That spoke the Switzer's soul ;
And though his years of silence
Have grown to centuries gray,
Why should we pause, to widen
His glory, if we may ?

There's a little stream, the Schachen,
Not far from Altorf's walls,
That downward to its parent,

The Reuss, in tumult brawls;
And dangerous is its current
To feeble limb or hand,
When those in lusty manhood
Its force can scarce withstand.

Old age had bowed Tell's figure,
And blanched his dark-brown hair;
The hand that clove the apple
No more such deed might dare; —
When in that raging torrent
He saw a struggling child,
While on the bank the mother
In helpless fright ran wild.

The Switzer paused no moment;
Though prudence well might ask
If yet the limb held vigor
For such a venturous task.
He plunged to do that rescue:
He sank, to rise no more
Until, with weeds and timber,
He floated dead to shore.

And thus the great life ended:
God! — was it not the best
Of all the deeds of valor
That won a hero's rest?
So mused I, by the Schachen:
So say we, true and well,
That the last deed was the best deed,
That closed the life of Tell!

Henry Morford.

*Schaffhausen.*THE JUNGFRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR
SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE virgin-mountain, wearing like a queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go,
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen ;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide flood,
Turned to a fearful thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke, — wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

William Wordsworth.

*Schwytz.*

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

BY antique fancy trimmed, — though lowly, bred
To dignity, — in thee, O Schwytz ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean ;

Equality by Prudence governéd,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And therefore art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble body's head;
Thou, lodged mid mountainous intrenchments deep,
Its heart; and ever may the heroic land
Thy name, O Schwytz! in happy freedom keep!

William Wordsworth.

Sempach.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

T WAS when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms
(And gray-haired peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms),

Then looked we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

he Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,

"On Switzer carles we 'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all,—
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,
Before ye farther go;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."

"But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?"

"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He 'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal."

'T was on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steeped in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they joined ;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
"Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismayed."

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied.
"Shalt see then how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain ;
The peaks they hewed from their boot-points
Might wellnigh load a wain.

And thus they to each other said :
"Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss Confederates there
They prayed to God aloud,
And he displayed his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbbed more and more
With courage firm and high,

And down the good Confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian lion 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and crossbow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shivered at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelried,
Who to his comrades said:

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."

He rushed against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And, with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splintered on his crest,
Six shivered in his side;
Still on the serried files he pressed, —
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thralldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and axe, and partisan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,
The Mountain Bull he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the flight,
The cloister vaults at Konig's-field
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull:
"And shall I not complain?"

There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has galled the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher called
(His name was Hans von Rot),
"For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steered,
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly rowed his way,
The noble to his follower signed
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turned,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelmed the boat, and as they strove,
He stunned them with his oar,
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land:
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there."
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

Halb Suter. Tr. Sir Walter Scott.

THE PATRIOT'S PASSWORD.

On the achievement of Arnold von Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss insurgents secured the freedom of their country, against the power of Austria, in the fourteenth century.

“**M**AKE way for liberty!” he cried,
 Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall, — where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, — like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit imprisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life;
So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers’ splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;

Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained.
Marshalled once more, at freedom's call
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet:
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be ; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power ;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall ; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried ;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won ;
"Make way for liberty !" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,

As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp ;
" Make way for liberty ! " he cried,
Their keen points crossed from side to side ;
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
" Make way for liberty ! " they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all ;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
Thus death made way for liberty.

James Montgomery.

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED.

IN July, when the bees swarmed thick upon the linden
tops,
And farmers gazed with pride and joy upon their ripen-
ing crops,
The watchmen on our tall church towers, looking
towards Willisow,
Saw the stacked barley in a flame and the wheat-fields
in a glow.

For Archduke Leopold had come from Zurich by the lake,
With lance, and bow, and banner spread, a dire revenge
to take.

On Mouday morning, when the dew lay bright upon
the corn,

Each man of Sempach blew alarm upon his mountain
horn.

The young and old from fair Lucerne gathered to bar
the way,

The reapers threw their sickles down, and ran to join
the fray :

We knelt and prayed to heaven for strength, crying to
God aloud ;

And lo ! a rainbow rising shone against a thunder-cloud.

Burghers of Berne, the lads of Schweitz, and Unter-
walden's best,

Warriors of Uri, strong as bulls, were there among
the rest ;

The oldest of our mountain priests had come to fight,
— not pray,

Our women only kept at home upon that battle-day.

The shepherds, sturdy wrestlers with the grim moun-
tain bear,

The chamois hunters, lithe and swift, mingle together
there ;

Rough boatmen from the mountain lakes, and fisher-
men by scores ;

The children only had been left to guard the nets and
oars.

The herdsmen joined us from their huts on the far
mountain-side,
Where cow-bells chimed among the pines, and far above
in pride
The granite peaks rose soaring up in snowy pinnacles,
Past glaciers' ever-gaping jaws and vultures' citadels.

The citizens of Zurich town under their banners stood,
Their burly lances bleak and bare as any winter wood;
Geneva sent her archers stout, and swordsmen not a
few,
And over the brave men of Berne their great town
banner blew.

How fierce we ran with partisan and axe and spear
and sword,
With flail and club and shrieking horns, upon that
Austrian horde!
But they stood silent in the sun, mocking the Switzer
bear,
Their helmets crested, beaked, and fanged, like the wild
beasts that they were.

Like miners digging iron ore from some great moun-
tain heart,
We strove to hew and rend and cleave that hill of
steel apart;
But clamped like statues stood the knights in their
spiked phalanx strong,
Though our Swiss halberds and our swords hewed
fiercely at the throng.

Hot, sharp, and thick our arrows fell upon their helmet crests,
Keen on their visors' glaring bars, and sharp upon their breasts;
Fierce plied our halberds at the spears, that thicker seemed to grow:
The more we struck, more boastfully the banners seemed to blow.

The Austrians, square and close locked up, stood firm with threatening spears,
Only the sterner when our bolts flew thick about their ears;
Our drifts of arrows blinding fell, and nailed the mail to breast,
But e'en the dead men as they dropped were ramparts to the rest.

With furnace heat the red sun shone upon that wall of steel,
And crimsoned every Austrian knight from helmet unto heel.
They slew their horses where they stood, and shortened all their spears,
Then back to back, like boars at bay, they mocked our angry cheers.

Till Winkelried stepped forth, and said, knitting his rugged brow,
"Out on ye, men of Zurich town! go back and tend your plough;

Sluggards of Berne, go hunt and fish, when danger is
not nigh;
See now how Unterwalden taught her hardy sons to
die!"

Then out he rushed with head bent low; his body,
breast, and hands
Bore down a sheaf of spears, and made a pathway for
our bands.
Four lances splintered on his brow, six shivered in his
side,
But still he struggled fiercely on, and, shouting "Vic-
tory!" died.

Then on that broken flying rout, we Swiss, rejoicing,
rushed,
With sword and mace and partisan that struck and
stabbed and crushed;
Their banners beaten to the earth, and all their best
men slain,
The Austrians threw away their shields and fled across
the plain.

And thus our Switzerland was saved, upon that sum-
mer's day,
And Sempach saw rejoicing men returning from the fray.
As we bore home brave Winkelried a rainbow spanned
our track,
But where the Austrian rabble fled a thunder-storm
rolled black.

Walter Thornbury.

Simmenthal.

SIMMENTHAL.

FAR off the old snows ever new
With silver edges cleft the blue
Aloft, alone, divine ;
The sunny meadows silent slept,
Silence the sombre armies kept,
The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still,
No ringdove murmurs on the hill
Nor mating cushat calls ;
But gay cicalas singing sprang,
And waters from the forest sang
The song of waterfalls.

O Fate ! a few enchanted hours
Beneath the firs, among the flowers,
High on the lawn we lay,
Then turned again, contented well,
While bright about us flamed and fell
The rapture of the day.

And softly with a guileless awe
Beyond the purple lake she saw
The embattled summits glow ;

She saw the glories melt in one,
The round moon rise, while yet the sun
Was rosy on the snow.

Then like a newly singing bird
The child's soul in her bosom stirred;
I know not what she sung;—
Because the soft wind caught her hair,
Because the golden moon was fair,
Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may
Look thus from those glad eyes and gray,
Unfearing, undefiled:
I love her; when her face I see,
Her simple presence wakes in me
The imperishable child.

Frederick W. H. Myers.

Simplon, the Mountain.

SIMPLON PASS.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL
EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAYSIDE IN THE
SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-famed slope
Her pioneer, the snow-dissolving sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won,

Perchance, in future ages, here may stop ;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate stone !
Memento uninscribed of pride o'erthrown ;
Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power Divine !
The soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath :
What groans ! what shrieks ! what quietness in death !

William Wordsworth.

STANZAS COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
To listen to Anio's precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar ;
To range through the temples of Pæstum, to muse
In Pompeii preserved by her burial in earth ;
On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues ;
And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret ?
With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt ?
Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness inured

Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed chamois retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
Toward the mists that hang over the land of my sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like yon edging of pines
On the steep's lofty verge: how it blackened the air!
But, touched from behind by the sun, it now shines
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear friends we divide,
Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned,
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:
Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
O joy when the girdle of England appears!
What moment in life is so conscious of love,
Of love in the heart made more happy by tears?

William Wordsworth.

Soleure (Solothurn).

SAINT VERENA.

WHERE, below the steep of Jura,
Rocky Solothurn is seen,
Sweetly nestling in the mountains,
Lies a deep and wild ravine.

Up towards heaven the stone Colossi
Soar above the vale so high,
Gloomy firs fling out their branches
Grimly, there, athwart the sky.

Down below, among the bushes,
Bright the rivulet glides along,
In the pilgrim's ear it murmurs
Like a holy convent song.

By it oft sate Saint Verena,
Long had she her dwelling here,
Whether Spring came down the valley,
Or grim Winter howled so drear.

Whosoe'er was seized with sickness
Straightway sought her holy cell,
And had scarcely crossed her threshold
When he felt himself made well.

Whoso hears her words of wisdom,
Witnesses the daily deed,

Feels a longing stir within him :

“ O that I such life might lead ! ”

Many a one would surely whisper,

Once beholding her at prayer :

“ Ah, in sooth, for such rough region

Is the damsel all too fair.”

But her daily care is only

To extend Christ's kingdom here,
And all hearts, in these wild places,

Praise and bless her far and near.

Even the forest's untamed creatures

Seem as if they knew her well,

And all night, as friends and servants,

Keep their guard around her cell.

But the Evil One is frantic,

And he seeks, with envious heart,
How to circumvent and crush her,

Her who foils his every art.

Often has he made the brooklet

Through the vale a torrent roar,
But, amid the swelling waters,

Still, dry-shod, she passes o'er.

Oft, to kill the holy maiden,

Has he sent a murderer grim :
But the wretch has fled with terror,
When she turned and looked on him.

But, since all his spells are fruitless,
Underfoot his wiles all trod,
Now, at least, the fiend will show her
That he stronger is than God.

And as she, with fervor praying,
Kneelt in morning's rosy hour,
There stands Satan right behind her, —
Now her life is in his power!

With both hands the grinning monster,
See! a giant boulder grasps;
High above him swings it fiercely;
Sympathetic nature gasps.

One more instant and he'll hurl it,
Surely crush her in the place,
But she hears a sudden rustling,
Backward turns her angel-face.

Such a flood of radiant beauty
Blinds him with its dazzling light;
Poised he holds the rock above him,
And forgets his fury quite.

From his mind reflection's traces
Have so clean departed, all,
That he lets the trembling boulder
On his toes directly fall.

But what vexes him most sorely,
Fills his soul with spite and shame,

Is, that only "limping devil"
 Since that day has been his name.

Wilt thou not believe my legend,
 Go to Saint Verena's glen;
 In the rocky clump thou 'lt see there
 Print of Satan's fingers ten.

Heinrich von Laufenberg. Tr. C. T. Brooks.



Stanz.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON
 WINKELRIED, STANZ-UNDERWALDEN.

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
 Though marked with majesty by Nature's hand,
 What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face?
 The heroic memory of thy native race, —
 Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
 And made their rocks the ramparts of the free;
 Their fastnesses rolled back the invading tide
 Of conquest, and their mountains taught them pride.
 Hence they have patriot names, — in fancy's eye,
 Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky;
 Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
 Like shadows seem and unsubstantial things.
 Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,
 Imperishable, for their cause was just.

Heroes of old ! to whom the Nine have strung
Their lyres, and spirit-stirring anthems sung ;
Heroes of chivalry ! whose banners grace
The isles of many a consecrated place,
Confess how few of you can match in fame
The martyr Winkelried's immortal name !

Thomas Campbell.

STANZ.

NATURE'S bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim, behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view ;
Fair in front the gleaming lake
Rolled its waters bright and blue.

Midst the hamlets of the dale,
Stanz, with simple grandeur crowned,
Seemed the mother of the vale,
With her children scattered round.

James Montgomery.

Thun, the Lake.

MEMORIAL NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

ALOYS REDING, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

A ROUND a wild and woody hill,
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there
For silence and protection;
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west;
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright stone
Touched by his golden finger.

William Wordsworth.

THE CHARTREUSE ON THE LAKE OF THUN.

NO more of cities, with their proud cathedrals,
And pomp and pleasures of their trampled ways.
Of bounds of empire, and of nations' quarrels,
I write no more. Upon "Louisa's Rest"
Alone I sit. Its canopy of thatch
Fends off the sun; while tender memories,
That are not mine, seem floating vaguely round me.
A sweeter picture looks from out the lake
Than hangs within the famed Pinacothek
Of Munich, or in Dresden's long-drawn halls.
Before me rise the domes and pinnacles
Of nature's temples to the God of nature,
From his own hand; all shining stainless white,
So as no art on earth could whiten them.
No sound is there but of the lighting snow,
And driving wind, and avalanche. No wing
Of bird can scale those inaccessible heights,
Or beat in that thin air. Man plants no footstep
Upon those trackless wastes; claims no dominion
O'er these wide bounds. Here his pretension stops.

I gaze upon you with unsated eye,
Ye changeless, ever changing on the sight!
Far on the better hand, the Blumli's Alp
Spreads its vast slopes, and closes up the scene
On that side. Full in front, and on the left,
Stand forth the wondrous Three, to me the peerless.
Eastmost, the Eiger with his rigid share

Furrows the sky. The Monk is next in place,
Not all unfitly named. The cowl hangs down
Over its ample brow. The folded snows
Are sleeves and trailing garments. But the Maid
O crown of beauty! If the Savoyard
Is called the king of mountains, surely thee
All hearts pay homage to, and hail as queen.
Say, is it fancy only, as, methinks,
The Jungfrau wears the semblance of a woman
Or who will think I lower it, when I trace
This gentlest likeness on so dread a height?
A pale face, not too pale for beauty, shines,
Framed round in shadows, near the mountain
The top itself a covering for the head,
Slightly aslant set on, as best becomes it;
The white plume floating down o'er miles of

And now I go, looking my last upon you.
I saw you through the haze from Rigi Culm
You rose in pride o'er tinkling Interlaken,
And talked to me across the Wengern Alp.
And this is past. My blessing be on those
Who in all time shall thus salute and leave
I shall see other mountains; Wetterhorns
Schreckhorns; and Faulhorns, that men love
Some sprinkled scantily with frost, and so
Thick with eternal winter; others yet,
Enormous saws of sharp and splintered ice
Which the soft snows refuse to cover up,
With ruin at their feet,—like lubber giants
That stonè the traveller, and crush the v

Of wretched dwellers in such wretched spots.
Mont Blanc will tower o'er narrow Chamounix,
And stretch to far Sallenche its breadths of glory.
But you, ye matchless Three, I lose forever,
Save in the memory of this scene and hour.

Farewell thy leafy quiet, and thy lake
Rimmed as with sculptured silver, sweet Chartreuse.
Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.



Toggenburg.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

"**K**NIGHT, to love thee like a sister
Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other warmer feeling, —
That were pain to me.
Tranquil would I see thee coming,
Tranquil see thee go;
What that starting tear would tell me
I must never know."

He with silent anguish listens,
Though his heart-strings bleed;
Clasps her in his last embraces,
Springs upon his steed,

Summons every faithful vassal
From his Alpine home,
Binds the cross upon his bosom,
Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
Wrought the hero's arm ;
Foremost still his plumage floated
Where the foemen swarm ;
Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
Quailed before his name.
But the pang that wrings his bosom
Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
But no more can bear ;
Rest he seeks, but, finding never,
Leaves the army there ;
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
Which with swelling sail
Wafts him where his lady's breathing
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle portal,
Hark ! his knock is heard ;
See ! the gloomy gate uncloses
With the thunder-word :
" She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
Is the bride of Heaven ;
Yester eve the vows were plighted, —
She to God is given."

Then his old ancestral castle
He forever flees ;
Battle-steed and trusty weapon
Nevermore he sees.
From the Toggenburg descending,
Forth unknown he glides ;
For the frame once sheathed in iron
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region
He hath built his bower,
Where from out the dusky lindens
Looked the convent tower ;
Waiting from the morning's glimmer
Till the day was done,
Tranquil hope in every feature,
Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,
Hour on hour he passed,
Watching still his lady's lattice,
Till it oped at last, —
Till that form looked forth so lovely,
Till the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
Cheered by peaceful dreams,
Calmly waiting till the morning
Showed again its beams.

Thus for days he watched and waited,
 Thus for years he lay,
 Happy if he saw the lattice
 Open day by day ; —

If that form looked forth so lovely,
 If the sweet face smiled
 Down into the lonesome valley,
 Peaceful, angel-mild.
 There a corse they found him sitting
 Once when day returned,
 Still his pale and placid features
 To the lattice turned.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. Anon.



Unterwalden.

UNTERWALDEN.

NOW couch thyself where, heard with fear afar,
 Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar ;
 Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Unterwalden's pastoral heights.
 Is there who mid these awful wilds has seen
 The native Genii walk the mountain green ?
 Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
 Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal ?
 While o'er the desert, answering every close,

Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.
 And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
 Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
 Naught but the châteaux, flat and bare, on high
 Suspended mid the quiet of the sky;
 Or distant herds that pasturing upward creep,
 And, not untended, climb the dangerous steep.
 How still! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of deep that calls to deep across the hills,
 And with that voice accords the soothing sound
 Of drowsy bells, forever tinkling round;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady sigh;
 The solitary heifer's deepened low;
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far and nigh,
 Blend in a music of tranquillity;
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

William Wordsworth.

BATTLE OF UNTERWALDEN.

FROM the valley we descried,
 As the Gauls approached our shores,
 Keels that darkened all the tide,
 Tempesting the lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
 With the clangor of alarms:

Shrill the signal-trumpet sang ;
All our warriors leaped to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh ;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretched to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might ;
Back we hurled them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the combat held ;
Till the waves were warm with blood,
Till the booming waters swelled
As they sank beneath the flood.

For on that triumphant day
Underwalden's arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dashed invasion from her shore.

Gaul's surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled :
Hope in us, by conquest fired,
Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose,
To the dead they soon returned ;
Bright, on its eternal close,
Underwalden's glory burned.

James Montgomery.

Uri, the Lake.

LAKE URI.

FROM such romantic dreams, my soul, awake !
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake,
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread :
The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech ;
Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if mid the savage scene
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep,
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep.
Before those thresholds (never can they know
The face of traveller passing to and fro)
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell ;
Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes ;
The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.

William Wordsworth.

Zurich, the Lake.

THE LAKE OF ZURICH.

FAIR is the majesty of all thy works
On the green earth, O Mother Nature, fair !
But fairer the glad face
Enraptured with their view.
Come from the vine-banks of the glittering lake, —
Or, hast thou climbed the smiling skies anew,
Come on the roseate tip
Of evening's breezy wing,
And teach my song with glee of youth to glow,
Sweet Joy, like thee, — with glee of shouting youths,
Or feeling Fanny's laugh.

Behind us far already Uto lay, —
At whose foot Zurich in the quiet vale
Feeds her free sons; behind,
Receding vine-clad hills.
Unclouded beamed the top of silver Alps;
And warmer beat the heart of gazing youths,
And warmer to their fair
Companions spoke its glow.
And Haller's Doris sang, the pride of song;
And Hirzel's Daphne, dear to Kleist and Gleim;
And we youths sang, and felt
As each were — Hagedorn.

Soon the green meadow took us to the cool
And shadowy forest, which becrowns the isle.
Then can'st thou, Joy, thou can'st
Down in full tide to us;
Yes, Goddess Joy, thyself! We felt, we clasped,
Best sister of Humanity, thyself;
With thy dear Innocence
Accompanied, thyself!

Sweet thy inspiring breath, O cheerful Spring,
When the meads cradle thee, and thy soft airs
Into the hearts of youths
And hearts of virgins glide!
Thou makest Feeling conqueror. Ah! through thee,
Fuller, more tremulous heaves each blooming breast;
With lips spell-freed by thee
Young Love unfaltering pleads.

Fair gleams the wine when to the social change
Of thought or heartfelt pleasure it invites;
And the Socratic cup,
With dewy roses bound,
Sheds through the bosom bliss, and wakes resolves,
Such as the drunkard knows not, — proud resolves,
Emboldening to despise
Whate'er the sage disowns.

Delightful thrills against the panting heart
Fame's silver voice, and immortality
Is a great thought, well worth
The toil of noble men.

By dint of song to live through after-times, —
Often to be with rapture's thanking tone
By name invoked aloud,
From the mute grave invoked, —
To form the pliant heart of sours unborn, —
To plant thee, Love, thee, holy Virtue, there
Gold-heaper, is well worth
The toil of noble men.

But sweeter, fairer, more delightful 't is
On a friend's arm to know one's self a friend
Nor is the hour so spent
Unworthy heaven above.
Full of affection, in the airy shades
Of the dim forest, and with downcast look
Fixed on the silver wave,
I breathed this pious wish :
"O, were ye here, who love me, though
Whom, singly scattered in our country's
In lucky, hallowed hour,
My seeking bosom found ;
Here would we build us huts of friends
Together dwell forever !" The dim wood
A shadowy Tempe seemed ;
Elysium all the vale.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock.

ON THE LAKE.

MY blood flows fresh, my soul
I roam the world at large ;
And Nature, — smiles she not

She holds my heart in charge.
The wavelets lift our little boat,
With the oars, in measured beat,
And hills, piled cloudlike, hither float
Our bounding bark to meet.

Eye, mine eye, why art thou sinking?
Of those dreams must still be thinking?
Go, Dream! golden as thou art;
Here, too, love and life have part.

Under the wave fly, blinking,
Shoals of stars, as I ponder;
Flocks of clouds hang drinking
Round the hills away yonder;
Morning wind is dancing
O'er the shadowy cove,
From the lake come glancing
Fruits half hid in the grove.
Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe. Tr. J. S. Dwight.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THE lamented youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses was Frederick William Goddard from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighborhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. . . . Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. — *Author's Note.*

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the queen

Of mountains, through a deep ravine
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild
Free were the streams and green the
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had ever shown
A countenance that as sweetly smile
The face of summer hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease
With pleasure dancing through the
We journeyed; all we knew of care
Our path that straggled here and there
Of trouble, but the fluttering breeze
Of Winter, but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days — but hush! —
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone
Thou victim of the stormy gale,
Asleep on Zurich's shore!

O Goddard! what art thou? — a name
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies
The great, the experienced, and the
Too much from this frail earth we
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old Lucerne.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far lifted towards the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were then of earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth,
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathizing powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care
Of kindred human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse,
He left his transatlantic home:
Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss! what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings

High poised, or as the wren that
In shady places to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance sh
From flowers mid Goldau's ruins b
As evening's fondly lingering rays
On Righi's silent brow.

Lamented youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the stone
Which hath not left the spot unk
Where the wild waves resigned th
And that which marks thy bed.

And when thy mother weeps for t
Lost youth! a solitary mother;
This tribute from a casual friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.

William

ON THE LAKE OF ZURICH.

RICHMOND, dost thou remember Ra
And the sweet banks of Zurich's lo
As on its bridge we leisurely 'gan whee
And how you trembled when you felt i

How the old tower sent forth a merry peal,
Making the mountain echoes all awake?
And how the garden we could not forsake,
Till the moon rose night's glory to reveal?
Methinks even now I see the tiny tower,
With its mile-long unparapetted bridge,
And in the lake, a thousand fathoms down,
Enshrined, reversed, its emerald mountain-ridge,
And feel that earth has still an Eden left,
Nor is of Eden feelings all bereft.

James Cochrane.

SONG OF THE ALPINE GUIDE.

ON Zurich's spires, with rosy light,
The mountains smile at morn and eve,
And Zurich's waters, blue and bright,
The glories of those hills receive.
And there my sister trims her sail,
That like a wayward swallow flies;
But I would rather meet the gale
That fans the eagle in the skies.

She sings in Zurich's chapel choir,
Where rolls the organ on the air,
And bells proclaim, from spire to spire,
Their universal call to prayer.
But let me hear the mountain rills,
And old St. Bernard's storm-bell toll,
And, mid these great cathedral hills,
The thundering avalanches roll.

On Zurich's side my mother sits,
And to her whirring spindle sing
Through Zurich's wave my father's
Sweep daily with their filmy win
To that belovéd voice I list,
And view that father's toil and
But, like a low and vale-born mist
My spirit climbs the mountain s

And I would ever hear the stir
And turmoil of the singing wind
Whose viewless wheels around me
Whose distaffs are the swaying
And, on some snowy mountain hea
The deepest joy to me is given,
When, net-like, the great storm is
To sweep the azure lake of heav

Then, since the vale delights me n
And Zurich wooes in vain below
And it hath been my joy and lot
To scale these Alpine crags of s
And since in life I loved them wel
Let me in death lie down with
And let the pines and tempests sw
Around me their great requiem.

Thomas Ba



A U S T R I A .







AUSTRIA.

Ampezzo.

IN THE PASS.

A CROSS my road a mountain rose of rock, —
Fierce, naked rock. Its shadow, black and chill,
Shut out the sun. Gray clouds, which seemed to mock
With cruel challenges my helpless will,
Sprang up and scaled the steepest crags. The shrill
Winds, two and two, went breathless out and in,
Filling the darkened air with evil din.

I turned away my weary steps and said :
“ This must be confine of some fearful place ;
Here is no path for mortal man to tread.
Who enters here will tremble, face to face
With powers of darkness, whose unearthly race
In cloud and wind and storm delights to dwell,
Ruling them all by an uncanny spell.”

The guide but smiled, and, holding feet my hand,
Compelled me up a path I had not seen.

It wound round ledges where I scarce
It plunged to sudden sunless depths betwixt
Immeasurable cliffs, which seemed to lean
Together, closing as we passed, like doors
Of dungeon which would open nevermore.

I said again: "I will not go. This way
Is not for mortal feet." Again the guide
But smiled, and I again could but obey.
The path grew narrow; thundering by its side
As loud as ocean at its highest tide,
A river rushed, all black and green and
A boiling stream of molten malachite.

Sudden I heard a joyous cry, "Behold,
And, smiling still on me, the good guide
And pointed where broad, sunny fields
And spread like banners; green, so green
And lit the air like red; and blue which
From all the lofty dome of sky, and bent
And folded low and circling like a tent;

And forests ranged like armies, round and
At feet of mountains of eternal snow;
And valleys all alive with happy sound;
The song of birds; swift brooks' delicious
The mystic hum of million things that grow
The stir of men; and gladdening every voice
Voices of little children at their play;

And shining banks of flowers which would
To paint; such colors as in summer light

The rarest, fleetest summer rainbows use,
But set in gold of sun, and silver white
Of dew, as thick as gems which blind the sight
On altar fronts, inlaid with priceless things,
The jewelled gifts of centuries of kings.

Then, sitting half in dream, and half in fear
Of how such wondrous miracle were wrought,
Thy name, dear friend, I sudden seemed to hear
Through all the charmed air.

My loving thought
Through patient years had vainly groped and sought,
And found no hidden thing so rare, so good,
That it might furnish thy similitude.

O noble soul, whose strengths like mountains stand,
Whose purposes, like adamant stone,
Bar roads to feeble feet, and wrap the land
In seeming shadow, thou, too, hast thine own
Sweet valleys full of flowers, for me alone,
Unseen, unknown, undreamed of by the mass,
Who do not know the secret of the Pass.

Helen Hunt.

Bregenz.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged moun-
The fair Lake Constance lie
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies ;
And watching each white cloud
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there ; and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town :
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
Upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep ;
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved once
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

* * *

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year ;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

* * *

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land !

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz, shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

* * *

With trembling haste and breathless
With noiseless step she sped :
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong white charge
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted and she turned his
Towards her native land.

Out, out into the darkness,
Faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her
The chestnut wood is past ;
She looks up ; clouds are heavy
Why is her steed so slow ?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O, faster!"
 Eleven the church-bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
 And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
 Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
 The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
 Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
 She leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,
 The bank is high and steep,
One pause,—he staggers forward,
 And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
 And looser throws the rein,
Her steed must breast the waters
 That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
 He struggles through the foam,
And see,—in the far distance,
 Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
 And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
 That tower above the plain.

They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned ;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see, in quaint old carving,
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour,
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the sky
He calls the maiden's name!

Adelaid

Buda (Ofen), Hungary.

THE LAST OF THE ARPADS.

IN Buda's lofty castle towers in the chapel of Saint
John,
Behind the mighty dead in pomp the funeral sweeps on ;
The covering of velvet, the coffin all of gold,
Tell of the rank and royal state that coffin doth enfold.

The old and young, the rich and poor, are crowding
one and all,
Grief sits on every face, from every eye the teardrops
fall ;
The tolling bells are mingling their melancholy boom :
Who is it to be buried ? who closed within the tomb ?

The last branch of an ancient root that from an ancient
day
Had flourished in the Magyar land, and over it held
sway :
The blood drops last and latest of the Arpad line so
brave,
King Andrew's corpse the mourning crowd are follow-
ing to the grave.

* * *

But who is this that kneeleth, bending low beside the
bier,
Muttering a prayer while kneeling there, and shedding
many a tear,

In garb of woe, from top to toe, in a black veil bedight,
Looking like daybreak bursting on the middle hour of
night.

It is the poor Elizabeth, orphaned by yonder bier,
So full of charms, so pleasant, like the spring-time of
the year ;
'T is she, the beautiful, alas ! orphan of fatherland,
Her soul and body like a flower crushed by the frost's
cold hand.

High o'er her head the stormy clouds are gathering to
break,
And above her and around her a thicker darkness
make ;
And faction's twining serpent and intrigue's spider net,
Leagued in a dark conspiracy, her every path beset.

Against this dastard host has risen a brave and gallant
knight,
To shield the last of Arpad's blood with the weapons
of his might, —
Matthias Csak the pillar of this house august and old, —
Not two such sons the Magyar land within its bounds
doth hold.

This veteran for the regal house thinks life a forfeit due,
For freedom and for fatherland he bursts his heart in
two ;
He struggles like a giant man, alas ! in vain, in vain,
For on the throne of Arpad's race no king shall sit
again.

Andrew descends forevermore into the chilly tomb;
Not for the throne Elizabeth, for her the convent's
 gloom;
And the brave knight who for her right so nobly stood
 alone
Is crushed beneath the ruins of the Arpad's ancient
 throne.

Anonymous.

FAREWELL.

AGAINST white Buda's walls a vine
Doth its white branches fondly twine:
O no! it was no vine-tree there;
It was a fond, a faithful pair,
Bound each to each in earliest vow, —
And, O, they must be severed now!
And these their farewell words: "We part, —
Break from my bosom, — break, my heart!
Go to a garden, — go and see
Some rose-branch blushing on the tree;
And from that branch a rose-flower tear,
Then place it on thy bosom bare;
And as its leaflets fade and pine,
So fades my sinking heart in thine."
And thus the other spoke: "My love!
A few short paces backward move,
And to the verdant forest go;
There's a fresh water-fount below;
And in the fount a marble stone,
Which a gold cup reposes on;
And in the cup a ball of snow, —

Love ! take that ball of snow to rest
Upon thine heart within thy breast,
And as it melts unnoticed there,
So melts my heart in thine, my dear ! ”

Servian Popular Poetry. Tr. J. Bowring.

Carpathian Mountains, Hungary.

THE FRONTIER.

O THE glorious purple line
Of the mountains lifted along the west !
Bright, in the sun, their summits shine ;
Dark, in the shade, their valleys rest.
Cossack and Tartar may hold the plains,
And the rivers that creep to a tideless sea ;
Mine be the heights where the eagle reigns,
And cataracts thunder, and winds blow free !

Not for the steepe, with its desert sheen,
From Austria's border to China's wall,
Would I give the upland pasture's green,
The beech-tree's shadow, the brooklet's fall.
Vanish, O weary, mournful level !
Welcome, O wind my brow that fans !
In the splendor of earth again I revel,
Greeting the purple Carpathians !

Edna Dean Proctor.

Cracow.

THE PASSAGE OF THE POLES BY NIGHT NEAR CRACOW.

THE chilly breezes blow,
In sadness do we go,
Led on by Destiny.
O'ershadowed is each star,
While Europe, from afar,
Looks on the tragedy.

Oft turning back our head,
Upon the bridge we tread
That quits our native land.
By torchlight's sombre glow,
They who our sorrows know
Salute us on the strand.

Sold, vanquished, and betrayed,
Our noblest actions fade
Like vain and empty dreams,
No trace behind remains.
Farewell, beloved plains,
Ye valleys, hills, and streams!

Farewell! in every land
Will a life-wearied band
Find in the grave a home.
It is not death we flee,

No, 't is but to be free,
We take our staff and roam.

From wife and child, from all
We part, our country's fall
We may not hinder more,
For, lo! the knout of Russia
And scourging steel of Prussia
Are thirsting for our gore.

A tearless soul abhorred
Was given us as lord,
A stony heart unbent;
Born of a murderous race,
His forehead bears the trace
That brandeth his descent.

Let glory's crown, O fame,
Illume our humble name!
Pour balm on every scar!
Then smart the wounds of none,
For Poland's humblest son
Is greater than the Czar.

Alone inherit we
Our struggle's memory
That leagued each Polish band,
Of war the pain and toil,
A handful of the soil
Snatched from our Fatherland.

O, happy they who drained
The cup of death, and gained

The laurels of the brave!
And ye, Volhynia's sons,
From agony's death-groans
Freed by the cold damp grave!

They urge the reeking steed,
Enclosed by foes, and speed
The Vistula to gain,
The stranger's shore their goal;
Then swelled their noble soul,
Oppressed by woe and pain.

It wrung their hearts to roam,
Ne'er more to see that home
Of every wish the meed;
Then rushed the good and brave
Headlong into the wave
With weapon and with steed.

O thou, their country's flood,
Who long hast swelled with blood,
Receive the valiant dead!
Soon wilt thou reach the sea,
O, bear the corpses free
On to free Ocean's bed.

Graf von Platen. Tr. A. Baskerville.

Danube, the River.

BISHOP BRUNO.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright :
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again ;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream ;
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, —
O, glad was he when he saw the daylight !

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day ;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people thronged to see their pride ;
They bowed the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,

“Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee,—
But I would have you know you travel to me!”

Behind and before and on either side
He looked, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turned the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recovered his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
“With the Emperor now you are dining with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!”

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart that was sick with fear

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the maskers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud, —
"You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glce,
But you must pass the night with me!"

His cheek grows pale, and his eyeballs glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his hair;
With that there came one from the maskers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

Robert Southey.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE by the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
"O whither," she cried, "hast thou wandered, my lover?
Or here dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore?
"What voice did I hear? 'T was my Henry that sighed!"
All mournful she hastened, nor wandered she far,
When, bleeding and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was
streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar;
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,

That melted in love and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

"Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy, relieving

Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!"

"Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving!

No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true;

Ye babes of my love that await me afar!"—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms,—the poor wounded
Hussar!

Thomas Campbell.

THE FRONTIER GUARD.

THE sentinel his weary hours
Keeps guard in quarantine;
Across the stream, in paths of flowers,
The Turkish maid is seen.

Between, the roaring Danube's tide,
Like death's dark river, rolls,

Whose waters earth and heaven divide,
Mortals and blessed souls.

What things are done in that bright sun,
To those who linger here,
Like memory's lost or hope's unwon
And unborn joys appear.

The flowers that there perfume the air
So far from him they seem,
As if Heaven's bowers, in long-gone hours,
Had shown them in his dream.

The golden fruits that glow among
Yon groves of balm and spice
Are in his eyes as if they hung
On trees of Paradise.

Yon Turkish maid, who walks beside
The pleasant river-shore,
Seems like a gentle ghost to glide, —
A shape of earth no more.

Through the white veil her lustrous eyes
In liquid beauty gleam,
As when, mild-glimmering from the skies,
The stars through cloud-fleece beam.

The soldier kindles at the sight
With such a yearning love,
As draws by night, in full moonlight,
The wanderer's soul above.

His vision seems about to pass
To that far spirit-land, —
But other images, alas!
Quite earthly, are at hand.

Full many a scout, to-night, is out,
He hears them brushing by;
Bright gleams the steel, and from the heel
Dust-clouds — hoof-lightnings — fly.

In moss-divan, upon the shore,
The Aga's smoke-pipe-cup
See, like a musket-barrel, pour
Its peaceful salvos up!

Then, full of wrath, the soldier grounds
His musket on the shore
So heavily, the welkin sounds
With hollow ring and roar!

"Shame that these vigorous limbs all day
Must haunt this lazy shore,
Dead as a boundary tree, to play
Nurse at a pest-house door!

"Your bridges here, come, Pontoneer,
For wagon and for horse!
Come, Commissary, boats for the ferry,
Over with all the force!

"We, too, must battle for the Lord!
The fight our sires begun,

Yonder, by our good Christian sword,
Must be fought out and won!

"See on yon mosque the crescent fly!
Sir Captain, what disgrace!
Up, plant the holy cross, there, high,
Far worthier of the place!

"Sir Priest, you see how error's veil
Shrouds many a lovely brow,
That prays, within the Church's pale
And at her font, to bow!"

Take courage, Faith, be not afraid!
Who would have dreamed, awake,
An unbelieving Turkish maid
Could such good Christians make!
Graf von Auersperg. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

TWO LOVERS.

A SKIFF swam down the Danube's tide,
Therein a bridegroom sate, and bride,
He one side, she the other.

"Tell me, my dearest heart," said she,
"What present shall I make to thee?"

And back her little sleeve she stripped,
And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,
And laughed and jested with his bride.

"Fair Lady Danube, give me here
Some pretty gift to please my dear."

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,
Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair,
She looks a princess, sitting there.

"Fair lady Danube, give me here,
Some pretty gift to please my dear!"

Once more she'll try what she can feel;
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,
Fished up a golden comb the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight,
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave,
They must atone for 't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in heaven did stand,
 The lovers floated dead to land,
 He one side, she the other.

Eduard Mörike. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE DANUBE.

DUNA! thou queen of many rivers, — thou
 Of all Slavonia, venerable mother!
 Why to a foreign ocean dost thou flow,
 Why leave thy native home to seek another?
 O, if thou love thy birthplace, if thou know
 Pity for these thy sorrowing children, glide
 Not to the Osmaus, but these tears of woe
 Bear to thy cradle on thy silver tide.
 Dost thou seek wreaths of fame? — it is no fame
 To bear a hundred ships upon thy face
 While it is watered by a single tear, —
 Yet this is glory, when Wietawa here
 Joins to thy name its own fraternal name,
 And thy bride Saale speeds to thine embrace.

John Kollár. Tr. John Bowring.

Greifenstein, the Castle.

KING RICHARD'S LAMENT.

N^O captive knight, whom chains confine,
 Can tell his fate and not repine;
 Yet with a song he cheers the gloom

That hangs around his living tomb.
Shame to his friends!—the king remains
Two years unrausomed and in chains.

Now let them know, my brave barons,
English, Normans, and Gascons,
Not a liege-man so poor have I,
That I would not his freedom buy.
I will not reproach their noble line,
But chains and a dungeon still are mine.

The dead,—nor friends nor kin have they!
Nor friends nor kin my ransom pay!
My wrongs afflict me, yet far more
For faithless friends my heart is sore.
O, what a blot upon their name,
If I should perish thus in shame!

Nor is it strange I suffer pain,
When sacred oaths are thus made vain,
And when the king with bloody hands
Spreads war and pillage through my lands.
One only solace now remains,—
I soon shall burst these servile chains.

Ye Troubadours, and friends of mine,
Brave Chail, and noble Pensauvine,
Go, tell my rivals in your song,
This heart hath never done them wrong.
He infamy, not glory, gains,
Who strikes a monarch in his chains.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Tr. Anon.

Hungary.

WATER OF HUNGARY.

THE beautiful Queen of Hungary,
A sad and weary woman was she,
Since for many weeks a terrible pain
Seemed burning and darting through her brain.
Long were the nights, for little she slept;
Longer the days, for all day she wept;
Wretched as woman with pain could be
Was the beautiful Queen of Hungary.

Nothing at all could the doctors do,
Though they searched their folios through and through;
And the wonder was, as the weeks went by,
That of such torment she did not die.
But her Majesty had a will of her own,
And a brave little heart as ever was known,
And very determined to live was she,
The beautiful Queen of Hungary.

Finding all pharmacy false and fair,
Her Majesty took to penance and prayer.
"Blessed Otilia, aid me!" she cried;
"Sweet Juliana, be thou my guide!"
For these are the saints who the Church has said
Should be called upon for a pain in the head,
So she went to them for a remedy, —
The beautiful Queen of Hungary.

Long she prayed, till at length it seemed
That though still waking and praying she dreamed.
All around shone a living light
Of angels in angels gleaming bright,
A glory of faces in all the air,
Each blended of faces still more fair,
And rapt in this radiant mystery
Was the beautiful Queen of Hungary.

But where the splendor brightest shone
Two fairer figures stood gazing down
On the suffering Queen with a loving air,
The two she had called on in her prayer;
O, the fondest lover has never known
Such beauty in her he would call his own,
And on earth such light you could never see
As shone on the Queen of Hungary.

Saint Juliana the silence broke,
And thus to the kneeling lady spoke :
" Long hast thou suffered, — 't is time to know
The pleasure which comes when torments go.
Mary the Mother is Rose of Heaven, —
By the Rosa Mystica life is given ;
Take, in her name, of rosemary,
O penitent Queen of Hungary !

" Then of Melissa, the honeyed balm,
Which soothed of old the martyr's qualm,
Spirit of rose from the garden bower,

Of fresh sweet mint and the orange-flower,
Blended together these scents give forth
The freshest fragrance known on earth;
And since it was first revealed to thee,
They shall call it the water of Hungary."

The heavenly recipe was tried
With great success, and far and wide
Men boasted much of its power to cure,
And said that in headaches 't was ever sure.
With time some changes o'er it came,
Till at last they changed its very name,
Yet 't is true enough, and to many known,
That this was the first of Eau de Cologne,
So whenever you use it grateful be
To the sainted Queen Elsa of Hungary.

Charles Godfrey Leland.



Leopoldsberg.

SOBIESKI.

SOON as the first faint twilight of the coming morn
gave sign,
Sobieski took his charger, and he rode along the line;
He saw his army all prepared and ready for the fray:
Their ranks were put in motion at the dawning of the
day;

And troop by troop, and file by file, the winding columns pressed
Up the high Leopoldsberg, and halted on its crest.

The sun rose, and a flood of light o'er heaven and earth he threw;
But a soft sea of silvery mist hid all below from view;
The vapors yielded to his beams, and, floating far and wide,
They vanished like a vision as they reached the mountain's side;
And the glorious panorama they for a while concealed,
In all its morning freshness and beauty was revealed.

Far to the south the Styrian Alps 'gainst the blue heaven arose,
Their sides veiled in faint purple haze, their summits white with snows;
The Carpathian mountains, eastward, half hid in mist were seen:
And the spires of distant Presburg, and the Leytha's slopes of green;
And the majestic Danube, like a flood of liquid gold,
Reflecting the sun's splendor, through the great valley rolled,

Which, in the distance, stretched away, by mountain walls confined, —
The beaten path of nations, the highway of mankind.
Beneath them lay Vienna, still enwreathed in mist and smoke:

Its walls breached by the Moslems' guns
 ders ceaseless broke ;
And their tents in countless thousands
 after mile around,
And, like a second city, spread o'er all the
 ground.

* * *



Martinswand, Tyrol

ST. MARTIN'S WALL.

WELCOME, ye hearts of Tyrol, which
 estly,
Welcome, ye glaciers of Tyrol, which bear
 on high,
Ye dwellings of Fidelity, ye verdant, fragrant
Welcome, ye streams and pastures, freed
 tain gales !

Who is the daring archer that in hunt
 stands,
In his hat the beard of the chamois and
 in his hands ;
Whose eye with a youthful ardor, like
 monarch, glances ;
Whose heart with a quiet rapture in the
 hunter dances ?

The hunter is Max of Hapsburg, on a lusty chamois
chase,

Where scarcely the chamois ventures, he sweeps on the
frightful race ;

He swings himself upwards, ascending, in his course
like an arrow swift,

How vigorously he clammers over crag and over clift !

Here over heaps of rubble, over deep abysses there,
Now on the ground close creeping, now flying through
the air,

And now, hold on ! No further ! Now is he fast con-
fined,

Chasm before, and chasms beside him, and a break-
neck wall behind !

As he soars to the sun, the eagle holds there his earliest
rest,

The strength of his wing is broken, and fallen his
haughty crest,

If any one thence to the valley a road of stone would
lay,

He must quarry all Tyrol and Styria for the pavement
of the way.

Max had heard from his nurse in childhood all about
St. Martin's Wall,

Till at the thought a dimness on his vision seemed to
fall ;

He can see full well already if she painted the scenes
with truth,

That he should e'er paint them to others there's little
hope now, forsooth !

His throne the rocky rampart, see the
stand,
His sceptre, the wall-lichen, he grasps w
hand;
Above him spreads a vista, so boundless
That before the dizzy prospect his sens
fade.

The vale of the inn before him an emerald c
Streamlet and street drawn through it li
woven threads;
Far off colossal mountains to hillocks
round,
Each one to Max appearing like an omi
yard mound.

With a blast of mighty clangor through
help he calls;
On the air like a peal of thunder, but on
falls;
A little devil titters from a cleft in the nea
It falls far short of the valley, his stout
shock.

He blows again in his bugle, so loud that it a
Ho, ho, what means this clamor! the sh
cor wakes;
Were it not for the love of his people, o
he may,
Max will remain here sitting till the final j

What the ear had not discovered the vision had descried,
From below they saw him swaying on the pathless
mountain's side ;
There's a sound to heaven ascending of orisons and
bells,
While from church to church in pilgrimage the tide
of manhood swells.

At the mountain's foot a multitude in various garb
appears,
A priest in their midst to heaven the sacrament uprears ;
Where the crowds in mingled colors in the distant
valley shone,
Max saw the glance and glitter of the golden pyx alone.

* * *

In earnest supplication he sinks upon his knee,
Raises his eyes, invoking Heaven's succor fervently ;
A hand is laid on his shoulder, he starts with a thrill
of fear,
"Come home, thou art in safety !" rings cheerily in
his ear.

And he sees a brawny mountaineer before him laugh-
ing stand,
Who grasps him, and points onward with a gesture
of command ;
With rope and steel and ladder soon a venturous path
is ready,
If Max's footsteps stagger, his guardian's hand is
steady.

He mounts Max on his shoulders where
chasms frown,
On a fairer throne and firmer Max never
To the valley thus descending, his countenance
cheers,
Though he rides in a strange fashion
scoffer jeers.

There is an old tradition, of many ages
That a messenger from Heaven wrought
the prince;

Yes, indeed, it was an angel, a spirit from
The love of faithful Tyrol, a loyal People

From the precipice down-looking on the vale
Marks the spot whence Austria's scion
ing of the pyx;

Still lives the ancient legend, and in song
cease

To stir a quicker heart-beat in every Tyroler
Graf von Auersperg. T

Matra, the Mountain, H

SONG OF THE SHEPHERD OF MATRA.

I OFTEN laugh contentedly
On the world's evil and its
Far dearer than the world to me
Is this, my mountain solitude.

I eat and drink, — my spirit-ease
No legal squabbles drive away;
I lay me down at eve in peace,
And joy awakes me when 't is day.

And every cottage is my home,
And every shepherd is my friend!
Their wealth is mine, mine theirs, — they come
In common bliss our bliss to blend.

Sweet songs I know are sometimes heard,
But none so sweet, so dear as these,
When the gray thrush, ecstatic bird!
O'er Matra pours its ecstasies.

The robber's plots, the murderer's hands,
Intrude not on our mountain glen;
Our robbers are the Wolfine bands,
But not the fiercer bands of men.

No sorrows make my visage white,
Or from my cheeks their smiles convey;
My pipe I kindle with delight,
While round its smoky volumes play.

The noonday sun shines hot above,
Then with my herds I hasten home,
Milk the white ewes to please my love,
And know a sweet reward will come.

Again we seek the hills, — I seize
My furyla, and wake its song;

And, scattering music on the breeze,
I walk my listening sheep and

Then to the linden-trees I go, —
Each linden seems to welcome
My body on the turf I throw,
Where spread the shadows of

But who is there? My rose, my
My heart is buried in her breast
As in a shrine. O, see! she goes
Clad in her short and modest

Sweet Pere! ay! thou art as sweet
As is forgiveness; on thy face
I saw two smiling angels meet,
Two little loves thy cheeks did

Where art thou wandering, Pere
My flocks are scattered widely
For thee I look, for thee I pine
Sweet maiden! tell me where

Hungarian Popular Song. The

Metten, the Abbey

WORK AND WORSHIP.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty
As through Metten wood he
Found the holy hermit, Hutto,
Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
By his side the knife and twine,
There he cut and bound the fagots
From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit
For his pious works and cares,
And the wonders which had followed
From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
Toiling thus, with axe and cord ;
And he cried in scorn, "O Father,
Is it thus you serve the Lord ?"

But the hermit, resting neither
Hand nor hatchet, meekly said :
"He who does no daily labor
May not ask for daily bread.

"Think not that my graces slumber
While I toil throughout the day ;
For all honest work is worship,
And to labor is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing
From the workman's hand removes ;
Who does best his task appointed,
Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
For a moment, raised his eyes

Where the overhanging branches
Swayed beneath the sunset sky

Through the dense and vaulted
Straight the level sunbeam came
Shining like a gilded rafter,
Poised upon a sculptured frame

Suddenly, with kindling features
While he breathes a silent prayer
See, the hermit throws his hat
Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming
As it flashes through the shadows
And descending, lo! the sunbeam
Holds it dangling by the blade

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit
"See the token Heaven has sent
Thus to humble, patient effort
Faith's miraculous aid is lent.

"Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
As we labor, Love Divine
Through the shadows pours its light
Crowns the work, vouchsafes

Homeward slowly went the monk
Till he reached his palace hall
Where he strode among his warriors
He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
Rose beside the hermit's cell ;
He, by royal hands invested,
Ruled, as Abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube
Still its ruined walls remain,
Telling of the hermit's patience
And the zeal of Charlemagne.

William Allen Butler.

Moldava, the River.

THE RIVER MULDAVA.

BY Moldava trips a rose-lipped maiden, —
She has crowned her hat with summer flowers ;
Fresh and dewy as the fabled Hours,
There she trips along, with blossoms laden.

How the valley with her voice is ringing,
Like the evening songster's, soft and clear !
In her happy eye a sparkling tear ;
She a simple Cheskian lay is singing.

O, how strong the love of country glows
In the peasant's heart, when all is gone,
King and state, his language left alone,
Blooming still, as over graves the rose.
From his bosom pours the stream of song,
Full, in artless melody, along.

James Gates Percival.

Munkacs, Hungar

ALEXANDER YPSILANTI

ALEXANDER YPSILANTI sate in
tower,
And the rotten casement rattled in the
night hour;
Black-winged clouds, in long processions
and stars, swept by,
And the Greek prince whispered sadly
a captive, lie?"
On the distant south horizon still he
mauned:
"Were I sleeping in thy dust, now,
therland!"
And he flung the window open, 't was
to view;
Crows were swarming in the lowlands,
the eagle flew.
And again he murmured, sighing: "Come
good news to tell
From the country of my fathers?"
lashes fell, —
Was 't with tears, or was 't with slumber,
head sank on his hand; —
Lo! his face is growing brighter, — d
Fatherland?
So he sate, and to the sleeper came
man,

Who, with glad and earnest visage, to the mourner
thus began :

“Alexander Ypsilanti, cheer thy heart and lift thy
head !

In the narrow rocky passage where my blood was
freely shed,

Where the brave three hundred Spartans slumber in a
common grave,

Greece to-day has met the oppressor, and her conquer-
ing banners wave.

This glad message to deliver was my spirit sent to
thee :

Alexander Ypsilanti, Hellas' holy land is free !”

Then awoke the prince from slumber, and in ecstasy
he cries :

“’T is Leonidas !” and glistening tears of joy bedewed
his eyes.

Hark ! above his head a rustling ; and a kingly eagle
flies

From the window, and in moonlight spreads his pinions
to the skies.

Wilhelm Müller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Prague, Bohemia

THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE

WHAT riotous din is ringing,
What wassailers throng
The Student of Prague is singing
The praise of his wild carousal
With bloodshot eyes and glowing
He shouts like one possessed
His goblet overflowing,
His head on his leman's breast

As pallid as alabaster,
The servant ventures in :
" 'T is midnight, O my master
Cease now, at least, from sin
"Avaunt, thou croaking booby
I brook no babble from thee
As long as the wine looks ruby
Right jovial I swear to be !

He drinks from his goblet fast
Within lies a coiled worm :
"God gives thee a sign, my master
It saith, Repent ! Reform !"
"Truce, dolt, to thy coffin-face
Go, preach to the fools that

Thus locked in my leman's embraces,
What accident have I to fear?"

He plays with her night-black tresses;
She breaks from his arms by force;
Her hand on her heart she presses;
She shrieks, and drops down a corse!
Then steps the servant past her,
And falls upon his knee:
"God shows thee a sign, O master,
A fearful sign to thee!"

"Away, thou hound, to the Devil!
Red gold have I still in store
To win me wherewith to revel,
And fairer lemans a score.
So long as my dotard father
Takes care of this purse of mine,
So long, by hell, will I gather
The roses of love and wine."

The servant, shuddering, fetches
Away the accusing dead;
And the wild young student stretches
His wasted limbs in bed.
The lurid lamp is shooting
A bluer glare anon;
The owls without are hooting;
The hollow bell tolls "One!"

When lo! a charnel vapor
Pervades the student's room;

Then dies the darkening taper,
And, shimmering through the gloom,
A shadow with look of sorrow
Bends over the reckless boy,
Who dreams of new pleasures to-morrow,
And laughs his libertine joy.

The pitying phantom raises
Its warning hand on high ;
The student starts ; he gazes ;
He grasps his bed-sword nigh ;
He strikes at what resembles
His father's features pale,
And the stricken phantom trembles,
And vanishes with a wail.

The wintry morn is dawning
In ashy-gray and red ;
The servant undraws the awning
That screens his master's bed ;
And a black-edged letter, weeping,
He gives the startled youth ;
And the student's flesh is creeping,
For he fears the dreadful truth.

"From thy mother, broken-hearted,
And widowed now by thee,
Thy father has departed
This life in agony.
Whole nights I saw him languish ;
And still he called in wild

And ceaseless tones of anguish
For thee, his ruined child.

“At last he lay as trancéd;
His struggles appeared to cease,
And I fondly hoped and fancied
His spirit was now at peace;
But soon I heard him crying,
‘He strikes me with his sword!’
And his bitter curse in dying
On his hardened son was poured.”

The parricide student ponders,
But word he utters not;
He leaves the house and wanders
To a lone and desolate spot.
With scissors he there divests his
Proud head of its clustering hair,
And low on his hands he rests his
Shorn skull and temples bare.

And now what chant funereal,
What feasters, fill the house?
Their chant is a dirge of burial,
Their feast a death-carouse.
They drain the funeral-bowl off,
And chorus in accents vague
A hymn to the rest of the soul of
The penitent Student of Prague.

Karl Immermann. Tr. J. C. Mangan.

THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

WHEN the Prussians they marched against Prague, —
'Gainst Prague, the beauteous town, —
They took up in camp a position,
They brought with them much ammunition;
They brought their caunons to bear, —
Schwerin was the leader there!

And forth rode Prince Henry then,
With his eighty thousand men.
“My army all would I give, now,
If that Schwerin did but live now.
What an ill, what a terrible ill,
That Schwerin they should shoot and kill!”

The trumpeter was then sent down,
To ask if they'd give up the town,
Or if it by storm must be taken? —
In the townsmen no fear did this waken;
Their city they would not give in;
The cannonade must needs begin.

Now, who hath made this little song?
To three Hussars it doth belong;
In Seidlitz corps they enlisted,
In the army that Prague invested.
O, Victory, hurrah, hurrah!
Old Fritz was there himself that day.

From the German. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
And a banner in thy hand;
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,
Thy long bright years had sped;
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
When the snows had crowned thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief!
Brothers and friends, perchance;
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leaped high,
And thy voice the war-horse knew;
And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,
Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now mayest thou slumber, — thy work is done, —
Thou of the well-worn sword!
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou 'rt gone,
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,
Where fiery blood hath flowed;
O, lover of battle and trumpet-sound!
Thou art couched in a still abode!

A quiet home from the noonday's glare,
And the breath of the wintry blast, —
Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair
To win thee but this at last?

Felicia Hemans.

THE OLD CLOCK OF PRAGUE.

THERE's a curious clock in the city of Prague —
A remarkable old astronomical clock —
With a dial whose outline is that of an egg,
And with figures and fingers a wonderful stock.

It announces the dawn and the death of the day,
Shows the phases of moons, and the changes of tides,
Counts the months and the years as they vanish away,
And performs quite a number of marvels besides.

At the left of the dial a skeleton stands;
And aloft hangs a musical bell in the tower,
Which he rings, by a rope that he holds in his hands,
In his punctual function of striking the hour.

And the skeleton nods, as he tugs at the rope,
At an odd little figure that eyes him aghast,
As a hint that the bell rings the knell of his hope,
And the hour that is solemnly tolled is his last.

And the effigy turns its queer features away
(Much as if for a snickering fit or a sneeze),
With a shrug and a shudder, that struggle to say:
"Pray excuse me, but—just an hour more, if you
please!"

But the funniest sight, of the numerous sights
Which the clock has to show to the people below,
Is the Holy Apostles in tunics and tights,
Who revolve in a ring, or proceed in a row.

Their appearance can hardly be counted sublime;
And their movements are formal, it must be allowed;
But they're prompt, for they always appear upon time,
And polite, for they bow very low to the crowd.

This machine (so reliable papers record)
Was the work, from his own very clever design,
Of one Hanusch, who died in the year of our Lord
One thousand four hundred and ninety and nine.

Did the people receive it with honor? you ask;
Did it bring a reward to the builder? Ah, well!
It was proper that they should have paid for the task!
And they did, in a way that it shocks me to tell.



For suspecting that Hanusch might grow to be vain,
Or that cities around them might covet their prize,
They invented a story that he was insane,
And to stop him from labor, extinguished his eyes!

But the cunning old artist, though dying in shame,
May be sure that he labored and lived not amiss;
For his clock has outlasted the foes of his fame,
And the world owes him much for a lesson like this:

That a private success is a public offence,
That a citizen's fame is a city's disgrace,
And that both should be shunned by a person of sense,
Who would live with a whole pair of eyes in his face.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,

The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Rákos, Hungary.

THE TISZIAN.

FROM the smiling fields of Rakosh, on the market-day of Pest,
Lo ! an Over-Tiszian Chikosh in his snowy bunda drest ;
Bunda wearing, bagpipes bearing,
And he seeks the "Three Cups" Tavern, where they
sell of wine the best.

There they joked the sheep-clad Chikosh, — asked him
if in Tiszian land
People spoke the Magyar language, and could Magyar
understand ?
Or if Tiszians spoke like Grecians ?
So when they had ceased their laughing, thus he answered out of hand :

"Our Hungarians out of pitchers drink the overflowing wine ;
Spice their food with rich paprika, and from ancient
platters dine ;

Your Hungarians are Barbarians,
And the manners of our fathers, scouted by such sons,
decline.

“Your Danubians, not Hungarians, out of tinkling
glasses drink,
Eat their roast from latten dishes, pleased to hear their
glasses chink ;
Silly traitors ! — while their betters
Think they are but bastard Magyars, though they say
not all they think.

“We have not a Tiszian hostess, — none ! but speaks
our Magyar ;
Here they prattle out their German, — pretty patriots
they are !
But if German they prefer, man,
Soon would each wine-drinking Magyar fly from their
infected bar.

“Priests and preachers midst our Tiszians speak our
Magyar tongue alone ;
E'en our Rusniakian papas make the Magyar tongue
their own ;
Here, Teutonic, or Ratzonic :
Any, any thing but Magyar, — and of Magyar nothing
known.”

Hungarian Popular Song. Tr. John Bowring.

Salona, Dalmatia.

SALONA.

METHINKS I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made;
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to a throne again.
"If I, my friends!" said he, "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'T is likelier much that you should with me stay
Than 't is that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends! if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost
a god."

Abraham Cowley.

DIOCLESIAN AT SALONA.

TAKE back these vain insignia of command,
Crown, truncheon, golden eagle, — bubbles all, —
And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall;
And be forever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand:
I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall;

Wise books, frank converse, Beauty free from thrall,
And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
Farewell, thou garish World ! thou Italy,
False widow of departed Liberty !
I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll,
Between us, of mine own bright Adrian sea !
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
Looks down on your degenerate Capitol !

Sir Aubrey de Vere.



Salzburg.

THE SALZBURG CHIMES.

SWEETLY float o'er town and tower
Strains that mark the dawning hour;
Soothing, as it glides along,
You fair stream with tinkling song :
Over vineyard, rock, and wood,
And where ancient bastion stood,
Heralds now of peaceful times,
Sweetly float the Salzburg chimes.

Once again, — from this green hill
Echo lets no leaf be still ;
Once again, — the Salza's breast
Gives the welling sounds no rest :
Distant in the spreading plain
Mount and tower take up the strain,

Till in yonder Alpine climes
Herdsmen catch the Salzburg chimes.

Yet once again! the merry merry child
Dances to the melody with gambols wild;
Yet once more! the sentry stern
Paces to the time at every turn:
E'en the sick on painful bed
Lifts in hope his weary head,
And hoary elders bless the times
When first they heard the Salzburg chimes.

Yet once more! ere noonday rise,
Part our steps for other skies;
Yet once more! in memory's ear
Still shall sound that music clear;
And in England's homes of light,
When the cheerful hearth is bright,
Will we, in far distant climes,
Wake the slumbering Salzburg chimes.

Henry Alford.

Spielberg, the Castle.

CANZONE, WRITTEN IN PRISON.

THE love of song what can impart
To the lone captive's sinking heart?
Thou sun! thou fount divine
Of light! the gift is thine!

O, how, beyond the gloom
That wraps my living tomb,
Through forest, garden, mead, and grove,
All nature drinks the ray
Of glorious day, —
Inebriate with love !

The jocund torrents flow
To distant worlds that owe
Their life to thee !
And if a slender ray
Chance through my bars to stray,
And pierce to me,
My cell, no more a tomb,
Smiles in its caverned gloom, —
As nature to the free !

If scarce thy bounty yields
To these ungenial fields
The gift divine,
O, shed thy blessings here,
Now while in dungeon drear
Italians pine !

Thy splendors faintly known,
Sclavonia may not own
For thee the love
Our hearts must move,
Who from our cradle learn
To adore thee, and to yearn
With passionate desire

(Our nature's fondest prayer,
Needful as vital air)
To see thee, or expire.

Beneath my native, distant sky,
The captive's sire and mother sigh;
O, never there may darkling cloud
With veil of circling horror shroud
The rising day;
But thy warm beams, still glowing bright,
Enchant their hearts with joyous light,
And charm their grief away!

Silvio Pellico. Tr. Anonymous.



Steyermak (Styria).

STEYERMARK.

IN Steyermak, — green Steyermak,
The fields are bright and the forests dark, —
Bright with the maids that bind the sheaves,
Dark with the arches of whispering leaves!
Voices and streams and sweet bells chime
Over the land, in the harvest-time,
And the blithest songs of the finch and lark
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermak.

In Steyermak, — old Steyermak,
The mountain summits are white and stark;

The rough winds furrow their trackless snow,
But the mirrors of crystal are smooth below ;
The stormy Danube clasps the wave
That downward sweeps with the Drave and Save,
And the Euxine is whitened with many a bark,
Freighted with ores of Steyermark !

In Steyermark, — rough Steyermark,
The anvils ring from dawn till dark ;
The molten streams of the furnace glare,
Blurring with crimson the midnight air ;
The lusty voices of forgers chord,
Chanting the ballad of Siegfried's Sword,
While the hammers swung by their arms so stark
Strike to the music of Steyermark !

In Steyermark, — dear Steyermark,
Each heart is light as the morning lark ;
There men are framed in the manly mould
Of their stalwart sires, of the times of old,
And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky
Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,
When love descends with the twilight dark,
In the beechen groves of Steyermark.

Bayard Taylor.

Tepl, the River, Bohemia.

ON THE RIVER TEPL.

FRIENDLESS I came, but friendless now no more;
Thy voice, sweet river, greets me, and I trace
A smile of welcome in thy sparkling face,
When early morn invites me to thy shore;
Thy sunlit waters to fresh life restore
The fragrant flowers that gild the mountain's base;
Lulled by the rippling music of thy race,
With tranquil happiness my heart runs o'er.
The hues of heaven are mirrored in thy stream;
O, teach me so to live that hope sublime,
From Heaven reflected, on my path may beam!
Thy ceaseless current runs to reach the sea;
Teach me in wisdom to redeem the time,
Still hastening onward to Eternity.

R. E. Egerton-Warburton.

Tokay, Hungary.

THE HUNGARIAN EXILE.

WAYWORN and sad, a stranger-guest
Came to a hall, with gay ones crowded:
"Wine! wine! good host, thy very best!"
He murmured low, with eyes o'erclouded.

And down his jaded limbs he flung;
When suddenly his face flashed fire:
"But, good mine host!" his voice now rung,
"Hungarian wine! the true Tokayer!"

The vine's red blood purls in the bowl;
Inviting smiles the generous liquor;
But he, in bitterness of soul,
Looks down upon the sparkling beaker.
He stares into the golden flood,
As if his joy therein were sunken,
And, boiling, glows his heated blood,
Ere yet a drop of wine is drunken.

For there he sees the pillaged town,
Where many a home, at midnight, blazes;
On blood-red fields looks wildly down,
On ghastly Golgothas he gazes.
O'er desperate battles fought in vain,
His eyes with bitter tears are filling;
With wail of widows o'er the slain,
With orphans' cries his heart is thrilling.

He sees full many a sword swung high,
And hears the distant armor ringing,
And heroes, sworn to do or die,
With warrior's joy to saddle springing;
And then — and then dark treachery,
And midnight's gloomy hush descending,
And his dear Hungary, just free,
Her neck to Russian fetters bending.

Then wildly throbs his woe-sick heart,
And all his limbs convulsive quiver,
He feels a sudden, piercing smart,
And tears pour down, a briny river.
He quaffs the brimming cup, and cries :
"Let all thy foes, just cause! take warning :
Thou from thy grave one day shalt rise!
Hope! hope! there comes a judgment morning!"

Poor, harassed, hunted exile! thou
Mayst well thy wine with tears be drinking;
But should I once, as thou dost now,
See, in strange lands, mine own wine blinking,
Say, could I e'er, in gladsome mood,
Taste mine own Rhineland's generous liquor?
Would not a tear-drop, mid the flood,
Still glisten in the bubbling beaker?
From the German. Tr. C. T. Brooks.



Traun, the River.

TO THE RIVER TRAUN.

MY heart is in a mountain mood,
Though I am bound to tread the plain,
She will away for ill or good, —
I cannot lure her back again;

So let her go, — God speed her flight
O'er racy glebe and columned town,
I know that she will rest ere night
By the remembered banks of Traun.

And she will pray her sister Muse,
Sister, companion, friend, and guide,
Her every art and grace to use,
For love of that well-cherished tide ;
But words are weak, — she cannot reach
By such poor steps that Beauty's crown ;
How can the Muse to others teach
What were to me the banks of Traun ?

She can repeat the faithful tale
That "where thy genial waters flow,
All objects the rare crystal hail,
And cast their voices far below ;
And there the steadfast echoes rest
Till the old sun himself goes down,
Till darkness falls on every breast,
Even on thine, transparent Traun."

And she can say, "Where'er thou art,
Brawling mid rocks, or calm-embayed,
Outpouring thy abundant heart
In ample lake or deep cascade, —
Whatever dress thy sides adorn,
Fresh-dewy leaves or fir-stems brown,
Or ruby-dripping barberry-thorn,
Thou art thyself, delightful Traun !

“No glacier-mountains, harshly bold,
Whose peaks disturb the summer air,
And make the gentle blue so cold,
And hurt our warmest thoughts, are there;
But upland meadows lush with rills,
Soft-green as is the love-bird's down,
And quaintest forms of pine-clad hills
Are thy fit setting, jewelled Traun!”

But the wise Muse need not be told,
Though fair and just her song may seem,
The same has oft been sung of old,
Of many a less deserving stream;
For where would be the worth of sight,
If Love could feed on blank renown?
They who have loved the Traun aright
Have sat beside the banks of Traun.

Lord Houghton.



Trieste, Illyria.

WARING.

WE were sailing by Triest,
Where a day or two we harbored:
A sunset was in the west,
When, looking over the vessel's side,
One of our company espied

A sudden speck to larboard.
And, as a sea-duck flies and swims
At once, so came the light craft up, .
With its sole lateen sail that trims
And turns (the water round its rims
Dancing, as round a sinking cup),
And by us like a fish it curled,
And drew itself up close beside,
Its great sail on the instant furled,
And o'er its planks a shrill voice cried
(A neck as bronzed as a Lascar's),
"Buy wine of us, you English brig?
Or fruit, tobacco, and cigars?
A pilot for you to Triest?
Without one, look you ne'er so big,
They'll never let you up the bay!
We natives should know best."
I turned, and "Just those fellows' way,"
Our captain said, "the 'long-shore thieves
Are laughing at us in their sleeves."

In truth, the boy leaned laughing back;
And one, half hidden by his side
Under the furled sail, soon I spied,
With great grass hat, and kerchief black,
Who looked up, with his kingly throat,
Said somewhat, while the other shook
His hair back from his eyes to look
Their longest at us; then the boat,
I know not how, turned sharply round,
Laying her whole side on the sea



As a leaping fish does ; from the lee
Into the weather, cut somehow
Her sparkling path beneath our bow ;
And so went off, as with a bound,
Into the rose and golden half
Of the sky, to overtake the sun,
And reach the shore, like the sea-calf
Its singing cave ; yet I caught one
Glance ere away the boat quite passed
And neither time nor toil could mar
Those features : so I saw the last
Of Waring ! ”

Robert

Tyrol.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANT

COME to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flower
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours

Sweet is the hour of rest !
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.

When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door,

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat ;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done !

Pelicia Hemans

Untersberg.

BARBAROSSA.

DEEP in a mountain's caverned hall,
It is whispered low,
Waits in a weird, sepulchral glow
An armed phantom, crowned and tall,
Whose hoary beard of centuries
Grows on the gray stone where it lies
While jewelled knights with glittering
Glower round
In trance profound.

Anon, at age-long intervals,
The ghostly king
Sends a raven of sable wing
From his stupendous prison-walls,
To learn how near the fated hour
When he may reassume the power, —
Behold ! no raven comes again.

Behold ! the raven devours the slain !
Vaults asunder
Burst in thunder !
Lo ! in the hall of mirrors yonder,
In a palace consecrate to all
Age-long glories of the Gaul,
A German wears imperial



Purple: Barbarossa lives!
The ghost of a dark age revives,
And the heart of every freeman dies,
Seeing him rise!

Roden Noet,

Vienna.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

HOW long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep,
And impious pride defy thy rod?
How long thy faithful servants weep,
Scourged by the fierce barbaric host?
Where, where, of thine almighty arm, O God,
Where is the aucient boast?
While Tartar brands are drawn to steep
Thy fairest plains in Christian gore,
Why slumbers thy devouring wrath,
Nor sweeps the offender from thy path?
And wilt thou hear thy sons deplore
Thy temples rifled, shrines no more,
Nor burst their galling chains asunder,
And arm thee with avenging thunder?

See the black cloud on Austria lower,
Big with terror, death, and woe!
Behold the wild barbarians pour
In rushing torrents o'er the land!
Lo! host on host, the infidel foe



Sweep along the Danube's strand,
And darkly serried spears the light of day o'
There the innumerable swords,
The banners of the East unite;
All Asia girds her loins for fight:
The Don's barbaric lords,
Sarmatia's haughty hordes,
Warriors from Thrace, and many a swarthy
Bauded on Syria's plains or by the Nile.

Mark the tide of blood that flows
Within Vienna's proud imperial walls!
Beneath a thousand deadly blows,
Dismayed, enfeebled, sunk, subdued,
Austria's queen of cities falls:
Vain are her lofty ramparts to elude
The fatal triumph of her foes;
Lo! her earth-fast battlements
Quiver and shake; hark to the thrilling cry
Of war, that rends the sky,
The groans of death, the wild laments,
The sobs of trembling innocents,
Of wildered matrons, pressing to their breast
All which they feared for most and loved the

Thine everlasting hand
Exalt, O Lord, that impious men may learn
How frail their armor to withstand
Thy power, the power of God supreme!
Let thy consuming vengeance burn
The guilty nations with its beam!

Bind them in slavery's iron band ;
Or, as the scattered dust in summer flies,
Chased by the raging blast of heaven,
Before thee be the Thracians driven !
Let trophied columns by the Danube rise,
And bear the inscription to the skies :
" Warring against the Christian Jove in vain,
Here was the Ottoman Typhœus slain ! "

* * *

If Destiny decree,
If Fate's eternal leaves declare,
That Germany shall bend the knee
Before a Turkish despot's nod,
And Italy the Moslem yoke shall bear,
I bow in meek humility,
And kiss the holy rod.
Conquer, if such thy will, —
Conquer the Scythian, while he drains
The noblest blood from Europe's veins,
And Havoc drinks her fill :
We yield thee trembling homage still ;
We rest in thy command secure ;
For thou alone art just and wise and pure.

But shall I live to see the day,
When Tartar ploughs Germanic soil divide,
And Arab herdsmen fearless stray
And watch their flocks along the Rhine,
Where princely cities now o'erlook his tide ?
The Danube's towers no longer shine,
For hostile flame has given them to decay :

Shall devastation wider spread?
Where the proud ramparts of Vienna sw
Shall solitary Echo dwell,
And human footsteps cease to tread?
O God, avert the omen dread!
If Heaven the sentence did record,
O, let thy mercy blot the fatal word!

Hark to the votive hymn resounding
Through the temple's cloistered aisles!
See, the sacred shrine surrounding,
Perfumed clouds of incense rise!
The pontiff opes the stately piles
Where many a buried treasure lies;
With liberal hand, rich, full, abounding,
He pours abroad the gold of Rome.
He summons every Christian king
Against the Moslemim to bring
Their forces leagued for Christendom:
The brave Teutonic nations come,
And warlike Poles like thunderbolts desc
Moved by his voice their brethren to def

He stands upon the Esquiline,
And lifts to heaven his holy arm,
Like Moses, clothed in power divine,
While faith and hope his strength sustain
Merciful God, has prayer no charm
Thy rage to soothe, thy love to gain?
The pious king of Judah's line
Beneath thine anger lowly bended,

And thou didst give him added years;
 The Assyrian Nineveh shed tears
 Of humbled pride, when death impended,
 And thus the fatal curse forefended:
 And wilt thou turn away thy face,
 When Heaven's vicegerent seeks thy grace?

Sacred fury fires my breast,
 And fills my laboring soul.
 Ye who hold the lance in rest,
 And gird you for the holy wars,
 On, on, like ocean waves to conquest roll,
 Christ and the Cross your leading star!
 Already he proclaims your prowess blest:
 Sound the loud tramp of victory,
 Rush to the combat, soldiers of the Cross!
 High let your banners triumphantly toss;
 For the heathen shall perish, and songs of the free
 Ring through the heavens in jubilee!
 Why delay ye? Buckle on the sword and targe,
 And charge, victorious champions, charge!

Vincenzo da Filicaja. Tr. Anon.

THE BATTLE OF VIENNA.

THE stern besieger's fiery balls
 Had crumbled haughty Vienna's walls,
 And slow adown the leaguered town
 Stalked Famine, Death, and wan Despair.
 The garrison fell one by one,
 And nightly was the sulphurous air

Illumined by the exploding bomb
Descending like the bolt of doom.

'Neath his pavilion Mustaphâ,
Since Fate betrayed the proud Pashâ,
Laughed at his clamorous legionaries,

"Lead on! can yonder walls defy
The valor of the Janizaries!

Command the storm!" his soldiers cry:
Reclined in state, the Grand Vizier
Dozed on, nor recked of danger near.

What sudden dread appalls the host?
Where now the Tartar's ribald boast?
What panic moves each delhi's soul?

Hark! Sobiesky's lancers come!
Hark! hear ye not his cannon roll?"

Each eye foresees the general doom,
And Mustaphâ, a stricken man,
Marshals in haste his bristling van.

Steel helms and bucklers caught the blaze
Of the low sun's departing rays;
Then moonlight silvered Danube's flood,

But war was on the twilight breeze;
Cymbal and drum-beat stirred the blood
With shrill and martial melodies,
While charger's neigh and trumpet's bray
Urged loudly to the mortal fray.

A lion in his wrath came on
The champion of the cross, King John.

“Charge!” thundered Poland’s hero king:
Triumphant shouts the welkin rend;
The squadrons’ clashing sabres ring
As they to victory descend.
“They fly, they fly! avenge, ye Poles,
The memory of your fathers’ souls!”

But lo! a prodigy in heaven!
The crescent moon, the maid of even,
Behind a pall of awful gloom
Now hides her soft, resplendent face,
“Is’t not the fatal sign of doom
To all the sons of Osman’s race,
Yon dire and terrible eclipse?”
Mutters the Turk with whitening lips.

Deep anguish smote the invader’s host:
“The crescent wanes, and all is lost
When Allah helps the Christian’s need!”
Fear palsied now the Spohr’s right hand;
He turned his back, he spurred his steed,
And, flying, dropped his jewelled brand,
For like gaunt wolves in northern lands,
The Poles pursued the routed bands.

The peaceful Danube kissed the shore
With waves that blushed with human gore;
The ravens held a fest that night
On flesh of steed and flesh of man;
And when the battle turned to flight,
What spoil the victors gathered then,—

Damascus blades of price untold,
And broidered tents, and cups of gold.

Now joy was in proud Vienna's town ;
Brave Staremberg had won renown ;
The sweet cathedral bells were rung

As for a May-day festival,
And Sobiesky's fame was sung
Throughout the lordly capital.
But terror fell on all who dwell
Where Bosphor's shores in beauty swell.

S. G. W. Beaumont

THE END.

